Saturday Night

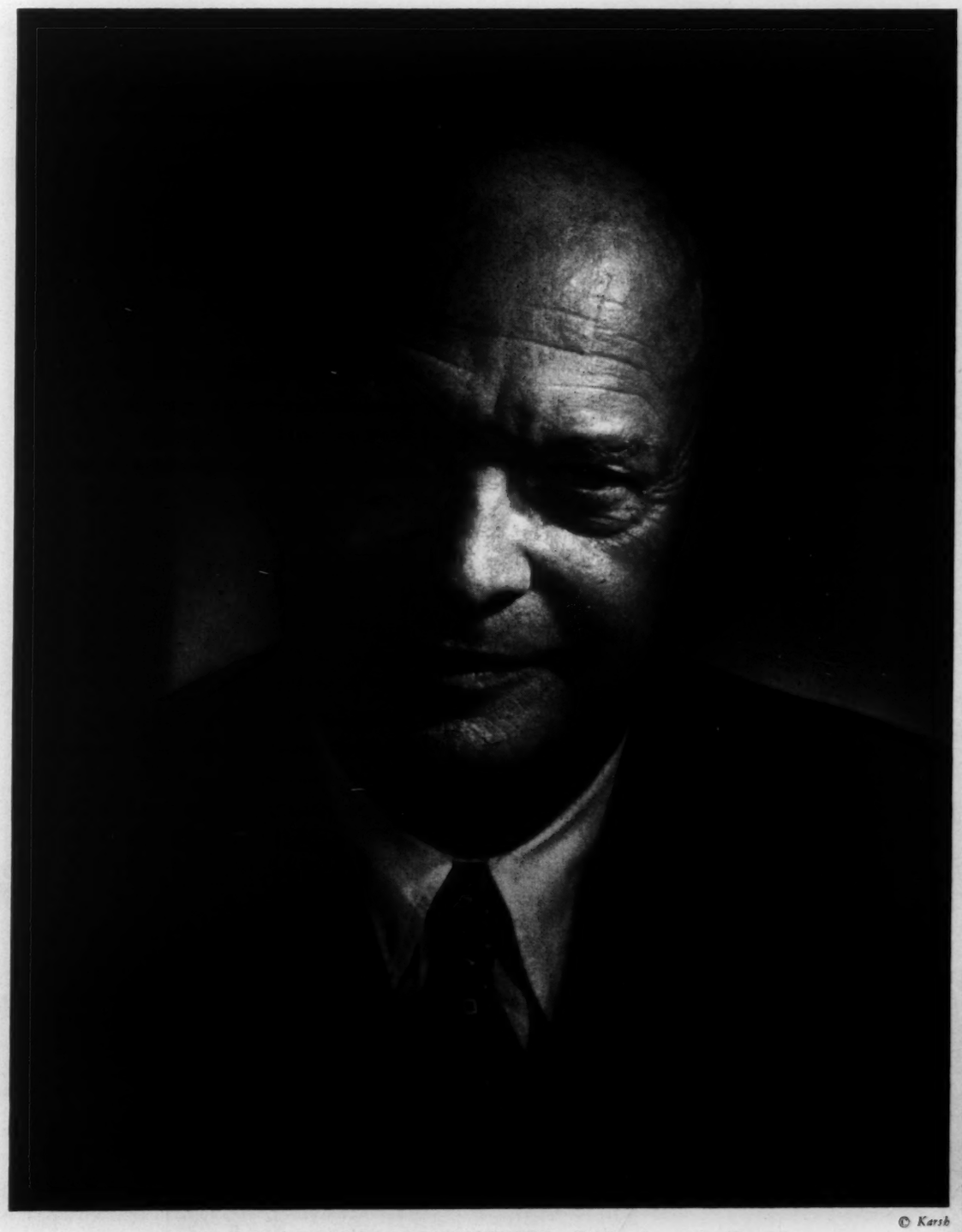
June 13, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

One of the oddities of the law is its tender treatment of drunkards. In Calgary, for example, a man charged with assaulting a peace officer was acquitted, just the other day, because the court decided he was too drunk to know what he was doing at the time he was arrested.

What happened, according to the evidence, was this: the man, who obviously had been drinking, carried a shotgun into the lobby of an hotel and announced that he was going to shoot someone; he left the hotel as police were summoned; when the constables approached him, he aimed the gun at one of them and yelled, "Get back or I'll shoot", but they managed to grapple with him. In the struggle, the gun discharged without injuring anyone.

When the case was tried, the defence pleaded that the man was drunk, did not know what he was doing, and therefore was unable to "form an intent" to commit a crime. The judge accepted the plea, acquitted the prisoner, and uttered one of the most remarkable understatements of the year: "I regret I have to come to this conclusion, because the police should not be subjected to these dangers." The decision at Calgary was



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PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: Taking the strain (Page 3)

The 22,000 Men and Women who work at General Motors earn

$75 Million a year to spend in Canada

The money spent by Canadians for GM products provides the payroll for the huge family of General Motors workers, 22,000 strong.

Almost all of the $75,000,000 they earn with GM is spent in Canada. It's money that is traded for every conceivable kind of goods and service, so that as time goes by it filters back to every part of the economy, to every edge of Canada — to the Maritime fisherman, the Prairie farmer, the western logger . . . to factory workers in every industry, to merchants, to entertainers and, through taxes, to teachers, policemen and civil servants. In fact it helps to raise the standard of living for all Canada.

General Motors' policy is to buy Canadian and to manufacture even the smallest part, whenever possible, here at home. Thus, day by day as GM grows, it nourishes the roots of our country's whole economy and in turn draws upon Canada's strength to expand *with* Canada.

GENERAL MOTORS

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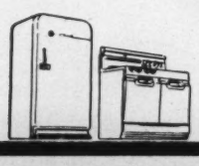
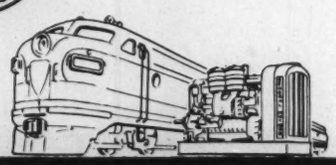
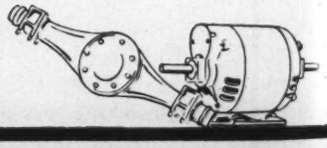

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED OSHAWA AND WINDSOR	FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH	GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED LONDON	THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES LIMITED ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The Front Page

not the first time that such a ruling has been made. The result is that a drunkard is a privileged person, who can commit a variety of crimes and escape punishment, as long as his lawyers can convince a court that his befuddlement made deliberate planning of an offence impossible.

The law is much more severe with people whose mental derangement is no fault of their own. A sober person who threatened a police officer, or anyone else, with a gun, would not go free from a court. Either he would be punished, or, if judged insane, he would be sent to a mental hospital.

That the law needs amendment is obvious. There is no reason why a drunken man should be treated with any more solicitude than a sober one; when a person sets out to get drunk, he deliberately puts himself in a state which can lead to crime. This may not be "intent" in the legal sense, but it is by the standard of common sense —and law cannot be divorced from reality.

Many sections of the Criminal Code are being studied, and revisions of them planned, at the present time. Certainly one amendment should remove the absurdity which permits drunkenness to subvert justice.

A Poor Issue

POSTAL AUTHORITIES profess to be puzzled by the angry comments of citizens about the Canadian stamps which carry the portrait of Queen Elizabeth. "Great pains were taken in preparation of the stamps," one official told the Toronto *Telegram*. "Numerous people were consulted in the search for perfection." It is possible that pains were taken; certainly the result is painful. The postal authorities responsible for this very poor issue could not have examined the engravings with any great care; if they had, they would have scrapped what was done and tried again. There is no reason for puzzlement — the job was bungled and the buyers of stamps don't mind saying so.

Coin Collector

WHEN WE MET J. Douglas Ferguson, managing director and vice-president of Spencer Supports (Canada) Limited, he was preparing to celebrate, at a quiet dinner party, his election as president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He was eager to talk about his new job, which will take him on official visits to all the Provinces between now and next Christmas, but the conversation kept straying to other subjects — numismatics, for instance.

Mr. Ferguson for many years has been such a diligent collector of rare coins and banknotes that he now has 40,000 of the former and 30,000 of the latter, the biggest collection of its kind in Canada. "One day I shall give it all to the National Museum," he said. "The collection there is woefully inadequate." He has twice been president of the American Numismatic Association.

From coins, the conversation went to corsets. "After leaving the University of Toronto, I worked for the Bell Telephone Company for ten years," he said. "Then in 1933 I became general manager of what was then Spencer Corsets (Canada) Ltd. We changed the name to Spencer Supports fifteen years ago." It was a sign of the changing times, apparently; women were looking for support, rather than restriction.

"Something like 90 per cent of Canadian women over 20 years of age wear a support or girdle of some type," Mr. Ferguson estimated. "Almost half of the industry's business comes as a result of medical recommendations for people who wish to retain good posture or who suffer from some sort of structural weakness."

Born in Bracebridge 52 years ago, he lives now at Rock Island, Quebec, a spot near the Vermont border which was chosen by the Spencer company for a factory because it was readily accessible from U.S. headquarters. The location led to another distinctive honor for Mr. Ferguson; he became charter president of the first Rotary Club anywhere to enrol its members from the citizens of two countries.

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J. DOUGLAS FERGUSON: Elected by the manufacturers.

Apt Demonstration

WITHIN A couple of days of our comment last week about the absurdity of the section of the Criminal Code which deals with lotteries, police officers in Toronto conveniently provided us with a practical demonstration of what we talked about. First, several men were charged under the section following the distribution of certain prizes during a baseball game. Then, a short time later, police broke up a bingo game, not because that type of game violates Section 236 of the Criminal Code, but because they were afraid that (in the words of the news report) "hundreds of persons might be trampled to death if there was a fire or any other excitement which might have caused a panic in the jam-packed hall." Bingo, according to legal decision, can be described as a lottery or as a game of chance.

Interpreting an Election

ANGUS MACDONALD is still Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, a fact which does not surprise anyone; but the manner of his victory in the election held a couple of weeks ago has inspired much interesting comment.

The Toronto *Star*, for instance, reported from Ottawa that tacticians of the Federal Liberal party were pleased with the result in Nova Scotia, because the additional votes obtained by the Progressive Conservatives were taken, they said, from the CCF rather than from the Liberals—although the CCF retained its two seats in the Legislature. The *Star* observed editorially: "A 22-13 victory is not to be despised. There cannot be much wrong with a government which can make that showing after being 20 years in power."

The Toronto *Globe and Mail*, however, did not think the Federal Liberals had much to cheer about. "This trend in Nova Scotia," said the *Globe and Mail*, "shows, of course, a popular belief there that one party and one set of Ministers have been in power too long . . . Members of the Dominion Liberal Party, if they think the matter over honestly, will find little aid and less comfort in (the) election."

There is no doubt that Premier Macdonald's personal popularity is the greatest single asset of his party in any provincial election. That it will also help the Federal party is certain, but the Ottawa Liberals cannot bank on it too heavily; there is the undeniable fact that the Progressive Conservatives in Nova Scotia increased their share of the total vote from 33 to 42.3 per cent.

Impaired by Gas

IT IS POSSIBLE that many motorists drive with impaired judgment without coming within a bottle's throw of an alcoholic drink. The U.S. Association of Casualty and Surety Companies reports that in 30 cars out of 1,000 checked by a highway patrol there was enough carbon monoxide in the front seat to give the driver a headache, a feeling of weakness and poor muscular and mental responses.

Many of the cars checked had all windows open. Now it has been found that if carbon monoxide comes from a leak in the rear section, the suction created by the car's movement carries the vapor along and draws it into the auto. This startling fact was discovered after it was established that mechanical flaws in the back parts of vehicles are mainly responsible for the release of the deadly gas. All of which makes another strong argument for regular checks on all vehicles by competent mechanics.

President's Difficulties

WHEN PRESIDENT Eisenhower meets Prime Minister Churchill and the premier of France in Bermuda, he will be in the position of a man trying to hold together the fraying middle of a rope used by two tug-of-war teams. He will be taking the strain himself between the opposing forces.

Sir Winston has made it clear that he thinks it would be a good idea to talk things over with the new rulers of Russia. He knows that Western Europe is weary of war and the threat of war; that Britain needs trade to survive, and a great deal of that trade could be carried on with Communist countries; and that a dicker with the Russians which might ease or even end the cold war would give a tremendous climax to his brilliant career.

Eisenhower does not think that talks with the Russian leaders can be profitable until they show by deeds, not words, that they have an honest desire to live in peace with the non-Communist world. But this opinion is not what will cause the strain at the Bermuda meeting. As the President talks, in his ears will be the echo of the cries of "Let's go it alone" he has been hearing in his own country during the past few weeks — cries from people who would pull him away from any such "foreign entanglements" as might result from his conversations with the Prime Ministers of Britain

The Front Page

and France this month.

There would be enough problems for the statesmen to mull over during their time in Bermuda, without them having to consider the possibility of a resurgence of isolationist opinion in the United States. With the views of the British and American administrations concerning relations with the Communists differing on many points, and with friendly relations cooling under the blasts of recent name-calling, the leaders of the two greatest English-speaking states would have enough to think about. But when such an important politician as Senator Robert Taft proposes that the United States "forget about the United Nations so far as the Korean War is concerned," both leaders know that any wide extension of such opinion could make the Bermuda talks nothing more than an academic discussion, because the Taft proposal would, in effect, destroy the anti-Communist alliance.

Mr. Eisenhower quickly repudiated the Taft thesis, but the echo of it lingers.

The position of Mr. Eisenhower, therefore, is much more difficult than that of Sir Winston. Not only must the President try to work out some practical agreement on policy with the Prime Minister, but he must also be thinking about ways to convince Congress that for the United States to abandon its leadership of the free world now would be to make a Third World War a certainty.

A Feminine Plot?

WE ARE beginning to suspect that there is a nasty plot afoot to give females complete control of the design and choice of male clothes. Recently we noted that a woman intended to design some sports clothes for men. Now comes word from London, by way of the women's pages in the daily newspapers, that "For little boys, it's the weskit . . . Many are being shown in over-checks on a cream or pale hunting-yellow background. They have gilded buttons, are single-breasted and have slim ticket pockets. Just like papa's." Here is one papa who wouldn't be caught dead in a thing like that.

Dancer and Author

IT IS DIFFICULT, these days, to guess from a man's appearance what his business might be; football players, bank managers, actors—who can tell them apart? It was a pleasant change to meet Anton Dolin, who walks and moves with the controlled grace of a dancer and whose business is dancing. He is in Canada with the London Festival Ballet, which he serves as artistic director.

"I like Canadian audiences," he told us. "I have danced here many times, but each time there is a new experience to be gained from a fresh, interested audience. I have made about a dozen trips across the Atlantic since my first appearance in New York back in 1930—that was the first full depression year, you will recall."

His reputation was well established in Europe by that time, having toured the Continent alone and with the famous Diaghileff ballet during the 1920's. In 1923 he danced with the Russian Ballet at Monte Carlo. In the years that followed, he produced ballets for Max Reinhardt in Berlin, appeared in London and Broadway shows, and danced in most of the world's great opera houses, from New York's Metropolitan to Copenhagen's Royal Opera House.

"There has been a great surge of interest in the ballet in England," he said. "This is very gratifying to me, of course, being English myself—many people are surprised to find that out." The records show that he was born Patrick Healey-Kay, at Slinfold, Sussex, in July, 1904. "Actually, this surge is not a postwar phenomenon—I saw it when I took ballet companies into the English counties before the Second World War. I think ballet has been hurt by people who try to give it a very arty atmosphere. It is always the endeavor to reach a high artistic level, of course, but I believe in the theatrical side of ballet—of entertainment, and not so much art for art's sake alone."

ANTON DOLIN: The theatrical side of ballet.

Mr. Dolin is an author, too. He published a book of reminiscences, called *Divertissement*, in 1931; his autobiography, *Ballet-Go-Round*, appeared in 1938, and four years ago his *Pas de Deux, The Art of Partnering*, was published.

Value of Graduates

THERE WILL be close study made by business leaders and university officials of an offer made recently by E. G. Grace, chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Mr. Grace announced he was willing to pay 45 U.S. colleges $3,000 for each graduate that his company takes into its business. Bethlehem Steel normally selects about 100 men each year for advance training to acquaint them with the company's business and prepare them for responsible positions.

The offer by Mr. Grace acknowledges two things: that a university cannot keep its fees at a reasonable level without plenty of financial help from outside; and that a prospective employee is worth at least $3,000 more to Bethlehem Steel as a result of university training.

There is little doubt that if many other corporations followed the example of Bethlehem Steel, there would be a certain amount of pressure on universities to produce graduates of the type wanted by the businesses concerned. Resistance would develop from some academicians fearful of seeing universities change into schools of business administration. But there is no reason why business and college officials could not work together to mutual advantage; certainly most universities could use the extra funds.

They Actually Did It!

FANTASTIC though it seems, the Department of Transport actually did perform a fast juggling act with television channels—not quite in the way we discussed recently, when there were only rumors that the act was planned, but in such a manner as to leave little doubt that the real purpose of this sleight-of-hand is to reduce and possibly eliminate all Canadian competition to the CBC in the major cities.

It is not possible to reach any other conclusion. VHF channels have been assigned to large metropolitan areas by international treaty for the excellent reason that such areas need VHF for proper coverage; smaller areas can get adequate service from Ultra-High Frequencies. Yet the Department of Transport has blithely given Kitchener the VHF channel assigned to Hamilton, made up Hamilton's loss by giving it Toronto's Channel 11, handed an Ottawa VHF channel to Kingston, and taken one from Montreal to give to Sherbrooke. Kitchener, Kingston and Sherbrooke all had UHF channels, so there was not the least bit of need for this juggling.

Transport Minister Chevrier said, by way of explanation: "This will enable the citizens of Kingston, Kitchener and Sherbrooke to have television coverage." They could have that coverage without the removal of channels from Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

What Mr. Chevrier failed to point out was that in the Toronto area alone more than 175,000 people have bought television sets—sets built to receive the Very High Frequencies, and which must be modified, at the cost of about $50, to receive programs from a UHF station. Nowhere else in Canada is there anything like so large an audience already in existence. Nor is this all. What the Transport Department has done is to place a serious limitation on these people, and others like them in Ottawa and Montreal, and on all prospective purchasers of television sets in these areas—a limitation upon their freedom of choice of programs.

Other governments recognize the validity of the citizens' right to have a choice. Speaking during the second reading of a Television Bill in the Australian House of Representatives last February, Postmaster-General H. L. Anthony stated: "Service in London, excellent as it is, would be even better if London viewers, like those in New York, for example, had a choice of programs. The right to choose is a very important right indeed."

Mr. Chevrier expressed the pious hope that the United States might consent, at some future time, to a redistribution of channels. If he believes that this is possible, he is singularly unaware of what has been going on in the television industry south of the border. Possibly he has forgotten that TV interests in the United States have tried several times to persuade the Federal Communications Commission to obtain for them certain channels which were not being used in this country.

Much more to the point than Mr. Chevrier's hopes at this stage is the obvious question being asked in the three cities whose inhabitants together make up a fifth of Canada's population: how much further will the Government go to cripple or destroy the chance of private enterprise to compete with the CBC?

Personal

DR. NORMAN MACKENZIE, president of the University of British Columbia, is not the man to back away from an issue. When Premier Duplessis told the Federal Government a while ago that Quebec did not want any Federal grants for its universities, Dr. MacKenzie thought that the Duplessis decision was a matter of concern for more than the people of Quebec. In his article on page 7 of this issue he gives the reasoning back of that thought.

Letters

Television Policy

THE ANSWER to David Croll's case for government-controlled television was excellent, but it did not stress what I believe to be the strongest point in the argument for private enterprise: that no government, or agency created by government, has the right to decide what people shall listen to, or watch, or read.

I am no CBC-hater. There is much that is good in the CBC, and I cannot accept the proposition that simply because some other station or some other network is able to win a bigger audience, the CBC should go out of business. But I recognize that the CBC appeals to a minority, rather than a majority, and to give a minority the power to decide what the majority should get is obviously wrong.

The obvious answer is to maintain the CBC, withdraw from it the control it exercises over private enterprise, and permit as much competition as technically possible. Such competition would give citizens a choice —and undoubtedly would do a great deal to smarten up the CBC.

Hamilton D. W. CAULFIELD

. . . MR. LAMB quotes percentages of opinion in Canada on the preference for American programs. Did he ever canvass the American viewers within range of CBLT? If he had he would have received an earful.

I speak via radio to thousands of American viewers, and without exception they envy Canada with its Government control of TV. They told me that long after CBLT came on the air, both the Buffalo and Rochester stations were bombarded with letters from Americans who demanded that they "clean up" their programs, and bring them up to the level of CBLT. Mr. Lamb should read the fan mail from American viewers on file at CBLT. If Senator McCarthy had access to it, he would probably investigate half the population of N.Y. State.

Willowdale, Ont. M. J. CAVENEY

I CANNOT see why you get so excited over the prospect of Toronto losing a TV channel. There are other places beside Toronto, you know — it is not the beginning and the end of Canada . . . I don't know about Kingston, but a station in Kitchener will give service to one of the most heavily populated areas in the whole country. Within a few miles of Kitchener are Galt, Guelph, and a score of sizable towns . . .

Kitchener, Ont. JOHN GETTEL

A Better Senate

AS IT IS presently constituted, the Senate is a useless body. It is true that a few Senators like Crerar, Euler and one or two others, do their best to make the Senate live up to its reason for being: to be a stabilizing influence in Government, to control the legislative enthusiasm of the House of Commons, to give Parliament a chance for second thoughts on policy and political actions, and, if necessary, to originate legislation which is needed but may be avoided by men who are not appointed to office and must think always of the effect of their conduct on the political opinion of their constituents. But the efforts of the few in the Senate are not enough to offset the apathy and incompetence of the majority of its members.

The present inadequacy of the Senate does not constitute an argument for its abolition, however. It has a very definite place in our system of government. What is needed is a government with enough gumption to recognize the importance of the Senate. If the right people were appointed to the Upper House, Parliament would be immeasurably strengthened and the whole country would benefit.

Halifax FRASER MACDONALD

Parking Problems

IN ALMOST every city in the country, more and more parking meters are being installed on the streets. There are two reasons, of course; the main one is that civic officials are trying every method possible to increase municipal revenues; the second reason is the necessity for putting some limitation on the parking of cars in busy sections.

Where is this all going to end? The cities are growing; business sections are spreading; and more and more cars are being used. It seems inevitable that, unless there is a radical change in present thinking, the parking meter system must be extended until even residential areas are affected, with householders paying fixed rentals for all-day parking in front of their homes.

This is not so far-fetched as it sounds. New York City even now is extending its meter system, for the frank purpose of getting more revenue, and plans to introduce a multiple-dime machine to allow ten hours of daytime parking at the rate of ten cents for each two hours . . .

Montreal BERTRAND SANSON

Tank No Answer

I CAN'T help but feel sorry for Milly Irwin, (SATURDAY NIGHT, May 30), and I hope this gets to you in time to save her $30,000 or so—or whatever a tank costs. During the last War while on one of those Toronto blitz manoeuvers, an army friend of mine pulled his tank up to a curb in the north end of the city, and was promptly and solidly banged by a large truck.

Save your money, Milly!

Toronto ROBERT CLINTON

Who or Whom?

TO WHO or not to who? On page 20 of SATURDAY NIGHT for May 23 you printed an excerpt from the *New York Herald Tribune* lamenting the passing of the word "whom." One must admit the validity of the remark, particularly when on the opposite page a writer so distinguished as Mr. Robertson Davies presents us with an example—"one who . . . it would be a pleasure to compare with Voltaire." Of course Mr. Davies has between the object and the infinitive a subordinate clause of fair length, which for economy's sake I have represented by dots, so it may be that he is really guilty of no more than an anacoluthon.

But it seems to me that the word "whom" we shall always have with us so long as some people, perhaps indulging a taste for affectation combined with inaccuracy, persist in using it where it is not proper, as for instance in "one whom we feel is speaking in ungrammatical fashion." Surely we would not say "we feel him is speaking in ungrammatical fashion," thought we might say "we feel him to be speaking in ungrammatical fashion" if we chose to vary the clause with an accusative and infinitive construction . . .

Waterloo, Ont. A. E. RAYMOND

Explaining the Weather

FOR YEARS we have laughed and joked about the inaccuracy of the weather forecasts. That is to be expected, because obviously trying to predict what the weather is going to be even 24 hours ahead is a chancy business. I have little criticism of the forecasters from the point of view of inaccuracy; they are working with a very inexact science. But what does make me furious is the refusal of the forecasters to admit that they ever make mistakes.

If they confessed publicly that their mistakes are the result of inexact knowledge, no one would take it amiss. But instead they offer bland explanations, whose inference is that it is the weather's fault, not theirs, when a prediction proves to be wrong. As for giving warning of such disasters as the recent tornado that devastated Sarnia and other parts of Southwestern Ontario, I do not recall that they have ever been of any great use. If they spent less time explaining why the weather did not do what they expected it to do, and spent more time on research for improving their methods, they would be giving the public much better service.

Chatham, Ont. EDWARD WILLIAMSON

Better in Britain?

IT IS refreshing to see that someone who writes for SATURDAY NIGHT does not subscribe to the odd theory that "they do everything better in Britain." The person I refer to is Willson Woodside, whose article in the May 30 issue was one of the best he has ever done. But in the same issue Robertson Davies drools over the way some British literary figures write light verse. I agree that there does not seem to be any amount of good light verse written in Canada, but could not this be because Canadians are not readers of verse, preferring stronger meat? . . . Mr. Davies has used this gambit many times: Canadians are gawks, and should study how things are done in Britain, instead of looking to the illiterate bums south of the border. I like the British, but they're not *that* good, nor Canadians and Americans that bad. They all get tired of the same old tune, however. . . .

Calgary STUART DANIELSON

The Stamp Argument

IT SEEMS to me that much too much of a fuss is being made about the stamps carrying the portrait of Queen Elizabeth. It is true that the stamps are not great works of art, but then stamps seldom are; there have been a few cases of skill and luck combining to produce a really great stamp, but these cases are comparatively rare . . . I have compared the British and Canadian stamps, and do not find a great deal of difference.

Ottawa VERDEN HALLOWAY

I WAS glad to see some comment on the disgraceful Coronation stamps issued by Canada. The portrait of the Queen is atrocious . . . I hate to think what these stamps will do to Canada's reputation in other countries. There is no doubt that the people in those countries will get their impression of Canadian workmanship from those stamps—and a very poor impression it will be . . . It is inconceivable that responsible officials could have approved such rubbish.

Windsor COLIN RANSOME

No Deterrent

THE American Academy of Political and Social Science, in the January annals, made a very complete survey of the problems of murder and capital punishment. They compared the number of murders committed in similar states in the United States, some of which had capital punishment and others had not.

Although the number of murders varied tremendously in different areas in the United States, they found where similar conditions prevailed, there was no significant difference in the number of murders committed whether the state had or had not capital punishment. They thus proved that capital punishment is not a deterrent to murder . . .

Port Colborne, Ont. K. I. CARROLL

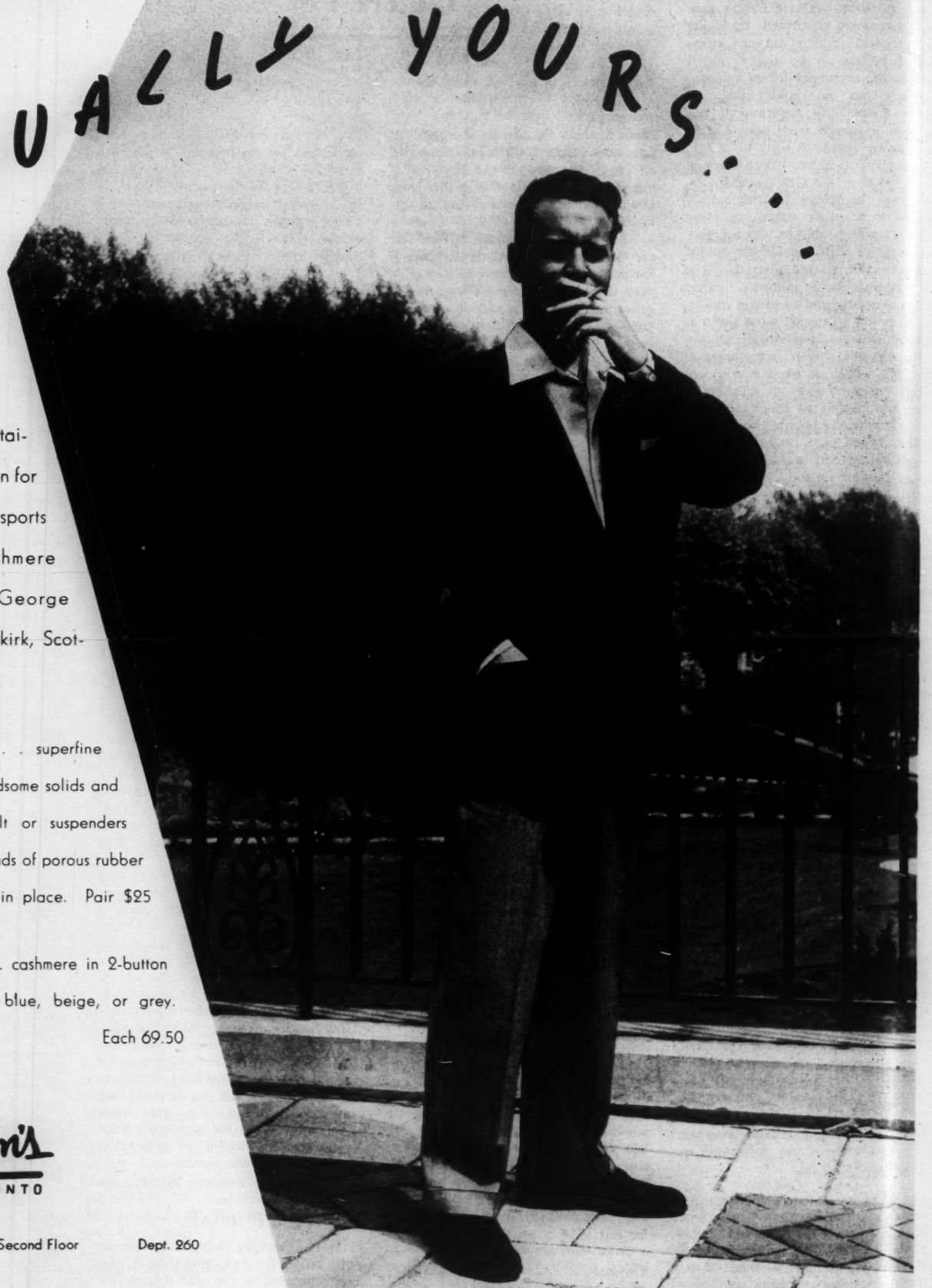
Murrow's Phrase

IT SEEMS to me I have seen or heard the phrase (which appears in your editorial on the Queen in the May 30 issue): "The bombers came at dusk and stayed till dawn." Is this a quotation from someone else, or does it just have a familiar ring?

Winnipeg STEPHEN FREEMAN

Reader Freeman has heard the sentence on a record made by Edward R. Murrow, called "I Can Hear It Now." The sentence is Mr. Murrow's; on our part it was unconscious plagiarism. — Editor.

CASUALLY YOURS . . .



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A Provincial Threat To Universities

By NORMAN MACKENZIE

IN THE RECENT action of Premier Duplessis of Quebec, in refusing to approve of the contribution of the Federal Government of Canada to the universities of that Province, has raised questions about the nature, the character and the functions of Canadian universities.

The majority of the universities of Canada were founded many years before the Province of Quebec, or, for that matter, before any of the provinces of Canada existed. King's College in Nova Scotia and the University of New Brunswick date back to the last quarter of the 18th century. Laval, which celebrated its 100th anniversary last year, has its origins in the Seminary of Quebec, and this in turn was founded before the middle of the 17th century.

Nearly all of the ancient universities of Europe and the Western World were founded by the Church, and many of those in Canada still have intimate associations and relationships with one or other of our denominations. The scholars who form their academic staffs are recruited from many countries and many traditions. Their students come from every province of Canada and from most of the countries of the world. Their graduates live and work wherever opportunity beckons, or desire or duty takes them. Their contributions are of very great value to the cities and provinces in which they are situated, but they are equally valuable and necessary to the whole of Canada, and in many cases, to human beings everywhere (*e.g.* insulin).

Few institutions are less provincial in character than are our universities, and to try and make or keep them so would be to deny their nature and eventually to destroy them.

If what I have written is true, and I believe it is, one may well ask why Mr. Duplessis and others have raised the issue of provincial control over the universities, and, more particularly, the issue of the propriety, if not the legality, of Federal help to them.

The answer is to be found in our history and in the nature of Canada itself. Many of our French-Canadian fellow citizens are concerned, and rightly concerned, about the protection and the survival of their culture, their language and their way of life.

Education is one of the foundations of culture and of nationalism. It is not surprising that our Constitution, The British North America Act, states in Section 93, "In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education." It should be noted, however, that not only is no mention made of universities in this Section, but the Section goes on to deal in some detail with schools and more particularly with the protection of the powers, privileges and duties of the "separate schools" existing in Ontario and envisaged for Quebec. It is, therefore, obvious that this Section was designed primarily to deal with our schools; that is, education at the school level. And it is obvious that because of the nature of education in its broader senses (for example, through religious bodies, the written and spoken word, music, painting, drama), it is quite impossible for a provincial government, or for that matter, any government to exercise complete control over education in these spheres.

However, the universities, despite their universality, must have, for practical purposes, a physical domicile, and that, of necessity, must be within a province. In addition, the provinces and the people who live in the provinces benefit very greatly from the universities. It is, therefore, both natural and fitting that they should feel a measure of responsibility for the welfare of the universities and contribute generously to their support. But to refuse to allow the universities to receive support from other sources is contrary to practice and precedents, and seems to me at least to border on the fantastic.

Historically, the universities have drawn support from all kinds and conditions of sources. At the present time, this support comes, in the main, from the fees paid by the students themselves, from the contributions of private individuals and of corporations, from grants from foundations, from the governments and the legislatures of the provinces and certain of the towns, cities and municipalities, and from churches and religious denominations, and now from the Federal Government and Parliament.

None of these sources, with the exception of the provincial and municipal governments, is necessarily provincial in domicile or in character, and, if Mr. Duplessis's policy is to be given effect to in a logical fashion, it would mean that the universities in Quebec should not only be denied contributions from Ottawa, but contributions from everyone else who does not happen to live in Quebec. In turn, it could follow that the governments and people in other provinces would resent, object to and ultimately deny participation in their affairs to those living and operating beyond their boundaries.

Driscoll

LAVAL UNIVERSITY: Older than its Province.

If, as would seem apparent, the case for exclusively provincial support breaks down, what are the positive grounds for justifying or claiming contributions from the Federal Government to the universities?

The first of them, as I understand it, arises out of the practical and direct services which the universities of Canada perform for the Federal Government and the country as a whole. These services include work in fisheries, in forestry, in agriculture, in science, in medicine, and are performed on behalf of the Armed Forces and practically every other department of the Federal Government. It is common practice to pay for services rendered. It is also human nature to expect to get some return for those services.

The second reason arises out of the national character and function of the universities themselves. Students come to us from all provinces, and our graduates go out to live and work in every province.

Finally, there is the matter of sources of income and the nature of taxation in Canadian life and business. Most of our financial institutions and many of our industries are located in the valley of the St. Lawrence and within the territorial boundaries of Quebec and Ontario. They draw much of their income and their profits from other parts and provinces of Canada. They pay taxes in Quebec and Ontario and to the Federal Government. It is only the Federal Government that can make the contributions deserved and necessary in respect of the universities of Canada in the light of this situation.

For practical, as well as idealistic reasons, one of the principal objectives and functions of universities has been service to the community, and this they have performed in a variety of ways: through the higher education of young men and women; through research; through community activities of a variety of kinds; through the training of members of the learned professions; and through the preservation and safeguarding of the vast body of knowledge handed on from earlier generations.

While universities and university people, like other individuals and institutions, expect to obey and in fact benefit from the ordinary and normal rules and regulations and laws under which society operates, they best serve their purposes and contribute most when they are guaranteed the maximum of freedom and are allowed to develop their own traditions, their own regulations and their own sense of responsibility and self-discipline, in relation to their communities.

THE threat implicit in the present action of the Premier of Quebec, is, to me at least, an extremely dangerous one, for it carries with it the possibility that the provincial governments may, directly through legislation, or indirectly through financial pressure or through the denial of the opportunity to diversify sources of income, assume control of our universities and destroy their autonomy and their freedom. This, in my opinion, could speedily destroy their usefulness. It also carries with it the possibility that these same governments might, in due course, extend their control over other aspects of our educational life, particularly in the fields of book publishing, films, radio, the press, literature, music and the rest.

Because I have a strong belief in the practical common sense of Canadians and in their instinct for freedom, I do not expect that this will happen, but, because of its importance and because of the increasing financial needs and difficulties of the universities, it is most important that no one should interfere with any of the possible sources of revenue available to them, or discourage any individuals or governments which are willing to help them.

HIGH SPOT
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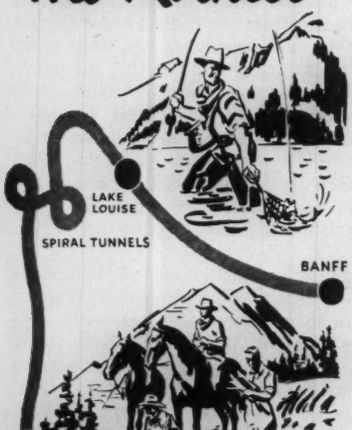
HOLIDAY

Lake Louise
in
The Rockies



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Art

Pipings of Pan and New Trophies

LAST MONTH, the "wild beasts" of French art were let loose in Canada. The exhibition of *Fauve* painting organized by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, went on view at the Art Gallery of Toronto, and the pipings of Pan never sounded more clearly in a picture gallery.

The *fauves* were a group of young French painters who, in the first decade of this century, combined an intense devotion to art with a belief in anarchy. Like most young painters, they were intent on setting to rights all the wrongs of art history.

The *fauves* had enthusiasm, energy and an irrepressible urge for change. They were against sentimentality, preciosity, rationalism, and all existing aesthetic credos. But their movement was filled with impossible contradictions and it flourished for only three years.

The *fauves* had a just reason for being: they were in rebellion against the aesthetic corsetting of the academies of the period. They upheld the banner of Van Gogh, Cézanne, Gauguin and Seurat; but try as they might, they could not get away from the shadow of that banner. Theirs was the paradox of the missionary preaching in a territory already converted, and their own youthful enthusiasm blinded them to that fact.

The young *fauves* seemed to feel they had a patent on simplicity: "I was a barbarian," recalls former *fauve* Vlaminck, "tender and full of violence . . . I crushed and botched the ultramarines and vermilions, though they were very expensive and I had to buy them on credit."

Vlaminck and his confreres did not realize then that they also bought their art on credit. Their bellows could not drown out the quiet reflections of Cézanne, the anguish of Van Gogh and the calculations of Seurat.

AT THE turn of the century was a happy time for Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Dufy, Braque, Marquet and company: the sowing of wild oats before settling seriously to work. There is much that is clumsy and shallow in their *fauve* period.

The key to one of its most obvious weaknesses can be found in one of its members' own words: "It is possible that this candid ignorance, this unconscious simplicity, preserves us from experiments in which we may lose ourselves."

This self-conscious attitude is apparent in much *fauve* painting. Only Rouault, who had already lost himself safely in portraying the human comedy, avoided the calculated ingenuousness which possessed the other young men.

No amount of booming by dealers can make the brief years of *fauvism* into more than a period of limbering up for performers who later contributed important work to 20th century art. Great art never comes from ignorance, notwithstanding the agreeable accidents of modern "primitives." Effective expression, whether in Congo carvings, West Coast totems or the Sistine Chapel, stems from the living trunk of tradition. Attempts to return to caveman culture can result only in incongruity. The young *fauves* discovered this, which was fortunate for 20th century art.

The later work of Matisse, Braque and Rouault, in particular, is a tribute to the substance beneath the froth of *fauvism*.

ENOUGH silver to pay off a war debt has gone to make the trophies which adorn the world's mantlepieces. These mass-produced trophies are, for the most part, a perfect union of uselessness and banality. They are ideal receptacles for dust, and a good source of revenue for metal polish manufacturers.

In recent years, there have been occasional efforts made to improve the standards of trophy design. Last month, during the Dominion Drama Festival finals, one of the most successful of these efforts was unveiled at Victoria, BC. Known as the "Calvert Trophies," the awards brought together the arts of drama and sculpture.

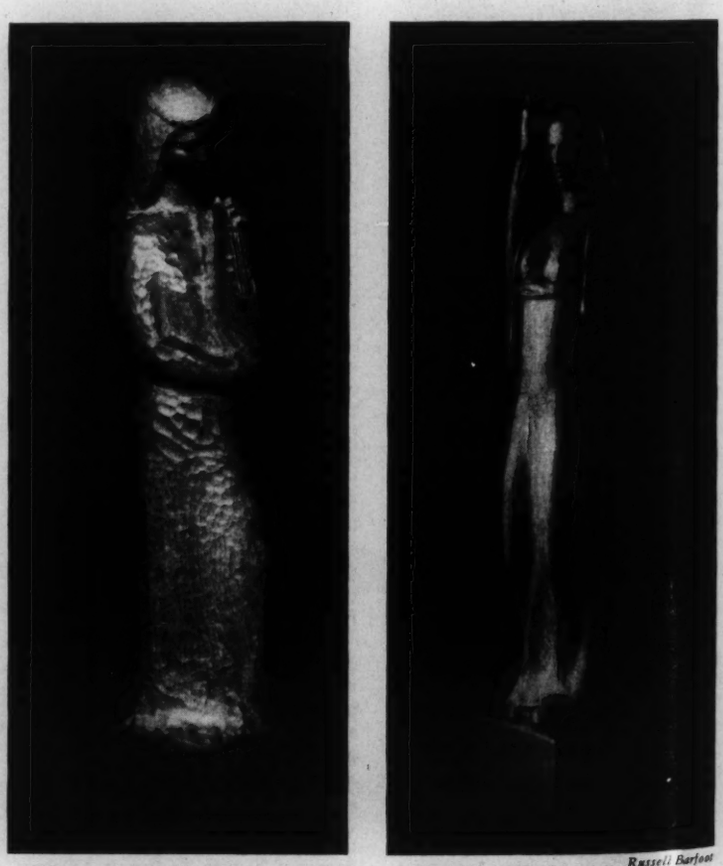
Commissioned by Calvert Distilleries, the drama trophies are by three leading Canadian sculptors. There are 12 regional awards and a larger national one.

Each of the Calvert trophies was carved from wood to portray a particular aspect of the theatre. Four of the figures are by Montreal artist Sylvia Daoust, the rest by Toronto sculptors, Frances Loring and Florence Wyle. Each of the artists was left free to select her own themes and materials. As a result, the trophies are truly creative works. They bear titles like "Music," "Humility," "Charity," and "Tragedy," and the woods used were sumach, maple, red birch, mahogany and American tulip wood.

The economic factor of sculpture has been confined largely to monumental commissions. For many years, Canadian sculptors have attempted to stimulate the use and collection of smaller works. Hitherto, they have had little success. The Calvert commissions brightened the hopes of the sculptors, who saw in them a possible precedent.

The new Festival awards may presage a new deal in Canadian trophies. There is no reason why their example cannot be followed by competitive sports. The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association supplies travelling scholarships for young writers, musicians and actors; such a concern with the larger life of the community should influence the design of sports trophies. There is no more appropriate place for fine design than in awards which symbolize supremacy of performance.

PAUL DUVAL



Russell Barfoot

Calvert Trophies, designed for the Dominion Drama Awards.

The Social Scene

The Boom In Bush League Be-Bop

HAVING done our courting in the years when popular songs were love songs, we can't understand what has happened to the taste in popular music. Songs such as *Stars Fell On Alabama, Just Friends, It's The Talk Of The Town, Don't Blame Me,* and *Good Night Sweetheart,* still send youthful shivers of excitement running up our spine, but today's Hit Parade numbers wouldn't titillate the id of Robinson Crusoe.

Popular music today is being attacked by a fungus that has spread from an area known to sociologists as the back-country slum, carried by a side-show of musical freaks who couldn't have crashed a Major Bowes' Amateur Hour in our heyday.

What kind of music do you think is the most popular in this country today? Jo Stafford's songs? The Boston Pops Orchestra? The score from *Guys and Dolls?* Guess again, chum. The winners by the length of a cow pasture are the nostalgic little items sung in the nasal baritones of an invading horde of "cowboy" crooners.

Whether we realize it or not, we're now in the midst of a musical revolution far greater than that which accompanied the northern migration of Dixieland jazz. The Hit Parade is made up today of an insidious type of cacophony known in various parts of the country as "hill-billy," or "cowboy" music. If the trend continues, every listener in Canada will soon be assailed twenty-four hours a day with the twangings of down-East cowpokes, who, in the words of a song popular a few years ago, "never saw a cow, never roped a steer, 'cause they don't know how."

There was a time in the not-too-distant past when a city slicker wouldn't have been found dead listening to a hill-billy tune, but since the War, large numbers of them have been led astray by stubble-jumpers from Tignish or Musquodoboit, strumming mail order gee-tars and bewailing the loss of their boots and saddle.

This phenomenon, like narrow-cuffed trousers and the high down payments on bungalows, is another indication that we won the war but lost the peace.

Strangely enough, most of the cowboy music in this country originates in the Maritime Provinces and rural regions of Quebec and Ontario. It has long flourished there, like the church social and wild mustard, but until a few years ago it only seeped into the urban areas over a few semi-weekly sustaining radio programs. Now you can get it (with gestures yet!) over television too.

The trend really started in the early years of the last war when every juke box in the nation caterwauled its way into our consciousness with a lovelorn madrigal entitled *You Are My Sunshine.* This ditty spread faster than the Colorado beetle, and finally followed the Canadian troops to England, where it was taken up by those members of an otherwise sensible people who rejoice in crowding around a piano at the drop of an old kitbag.

This music (with apologies to Mr. Petrillo) was smuggled into our cities by yokels who couldn't get the hang of any tune unless it had a counterpoint produced by a mouth organ and washboard. They found their way into the booming factories and settled down among us, lonely cowboys all of them.

Most of the adherents of this cacophony have three things in common: they all want to play the geetar, they like Hawaiian music, and they love to ride unmuffled motorcycles. The males of the species wear dime store, gew-gaws in their left lapels, and the females go in for mail order chapeaux liberally trimmed with daisies. Show me a youth riding a motorcycle, with a large maple leaf pinned on his lapel, or a hash-house waitress with a down-East accent, and nine times out of ten I'll show you an *aficionado* of back concession boogie.

It's apparent from a clinical study of its more rabid fans that this type of music secures its popularity by its simplicity. The old eighteenth-century hymnsmiths knew enough to put their tunes within the voice range of the whole congregation; the modern music millers who grind out their rural corn work to the same end. They are not concerned with any combinations of notes that can't be sung by a 75-year-old pulpcutter with severe laryngitis.

The tunes insult the sensitivities of anyone who can sing *Ring-Around-A-Rosie,* but the lyrics are worse, and are guaranteed to bring about an epidemic of psychosomatic deafness in half the population within the next ten years. Not only are they juvenile, but the emotions they portray (to steal a phrase from Dorothy Parker) run the gamut from A to B.

UNLIKE the automobile, the present day "cowboy" songs have left the horse behind, and are now concerned mainly with unrequited love. According to the Garner Poll (not as well known as the Gallup Poll, but almost as accurate), four out of ten cowboy songs to be written this week will begin: "I miss you tonight . . .", while the other six will start with: "I think of you among the dew . . .". The honest cowboy ballads, such as *The Streets of Laredo* and *The Cowboy's Lament,* had an authentic flavor of the West, and brought to the listener the smell of saddle leather and sagebrush. The new songs only smell.

While we're on the subject, we

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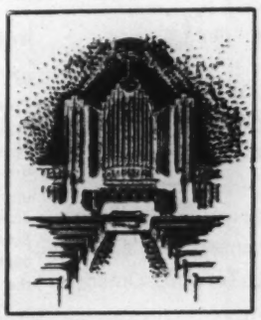

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mustn't forget the long-haired dilettantes who have discovered something Arty and primitive in the sound and sight of a hayseed blowing into the neck of an empty cider jug. To these loogans the music of a sweet potato and the words of a *potage* called *Lonesome Prairie Moon* are a distinctive form of folk culture and a "heritage of our old frontiers." All I hope is that somebody ties these dabblers into a day-coach seat behind a guitar-strumming Caruso on a trip from Halifax to Calgary.

Every once in a while the newspapers break out in a journalistic sweat over some songsmith who has published a "best-selling" song. They run a picture of a refugee from a haircut called Adolph Snitch, clutching his gee-tar across a betassled Western shirt. His masterpiece carries such a touching title as *When The Moon Comes Over The Transcona Stockyards, I Dream Of My Pony And You.* Fortunately for the sanity of the population-at-large, he has his brief fling in the limelight and then, with his song, disappears again into the anonymity of Glackweiler's pickle factory.

A young woman was picked up in Toronto a couple of years ago on a shoplifting charge. During her incarceration in the cells she was interviewed by a newspaper sob-sister, who immediately gave out the earth-shaking news that this poor child was a hitherto unrecognized genius who had written a song. With this bit of gratuitous intelligence to help her, the girl immediately won the hearts of thousands of other balladeers among the citizenry, and she was placed on probation by a music-loving magistrate. There were several "offers from song-publishing houses," but the papers forgot to mention that they were only offers to listen to the song.

Two weeks later the composer was apprehended again, for slugging and robbing a young woman in a restaurant washroom. She, her gee-tar and her masterpiece, were put away where they could no longer harm the normal portions of the population. The fiendish thought that she and her song may still be doing time has kept me out of jail ever since.

In the words of the old advertising come-on, you too can be a composer and balladeer in five easy lessons. Half the country kids from Heart's Delight, Newfoundland to Boston Bar, B.C. want to be a cowboy entertainer, and we wish them luck so long as they stay where they are. Their urge can be gratified by the simple expedient of learning to strum four chords on a cigarbox gee-tar while making noises through their nostrils.

Anybody can write a cowboy ballad as long as he (or she) remembers that moon rhymes with tune, that every mother is "dear" and that the heart of every balladeer is either broken or is in the process of breaking.

To prove what I mean, here is my own little effort, and if there are any music publishers in the audience they can have the following lyrics gratis as long as they do not use my name on the music sheet:

I'm dreaming tonight of that old Gaspe moon,
Shining aloft over burdocks in June;
I dream of the night that my sweetheart said, "Joe,
You'd better take out, I can't stand you no mo'."
O, when will I ride down the old trail again,
To put my Old Paint in the old homestead pen?
Once more to see you, dear mother of mine,
Doing your laundry 'neath the lonesome old pine?

Say, that's not bad! On second thought I was only kidding about giving those lyrics away. I think I've got a smash hit, as they say on the movie marquees. This song-writing beats the editing racket coming and going. I'll take the highest cash offer, gentlemen, and will pose for publicity shots as soon as I buy me a gee-tar and a ten-gallon hat.

HUGH GARNER

•

Policewoman Helen Morris was reassigned from traffic duty in Richmond, Va., to the complaint desk at police headquarters. One of her first acts was to file a complaint. Somebody had stolen a ring from her apartment.

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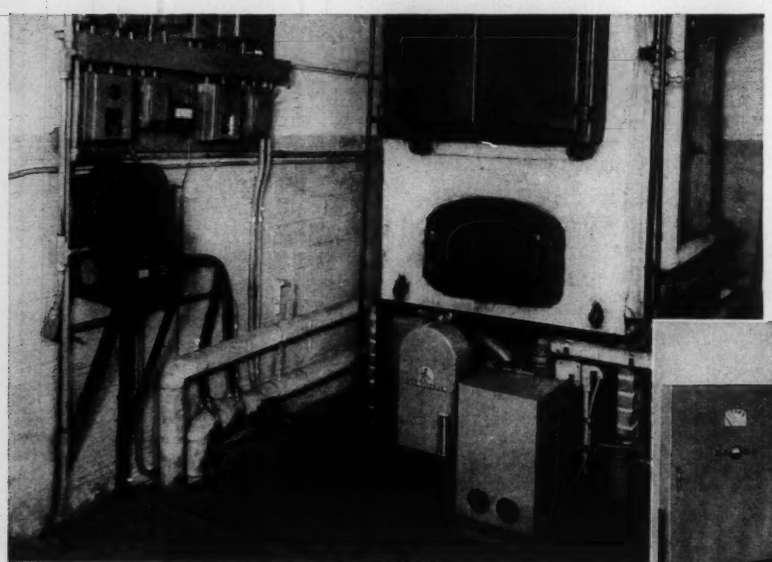

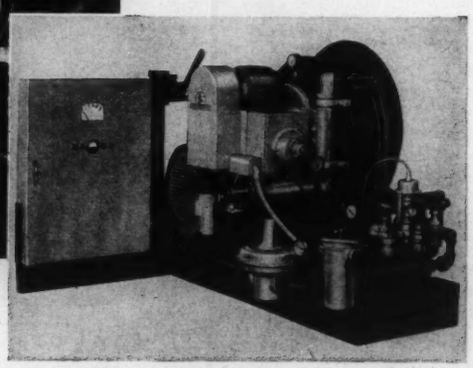

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Letter from Montreal

Searchers of the Arctic Empire

EWHEN A WRITER begins talking about the weather, it's generally time for his editors to take him in hand or for his wife to send him to the doctor for whatever injections doctors give when they want to restore the brain cells which minister to a man's originality. By this past season in Montreal, what other topic can be compared to the weather in importance?

Something queer, wonderful and frustrating has been happening to the atmospherics around here. When I was a boy, Montreal was a city of horrendous winters five months long, of ice palaces, toboggan slides and skates ringing on hard ice. This past winter—and the last half dozen before it — the problem has been to find enough snow to ski on. As winters go, we had hardly any this year; we simply had bad weather. Nor was the spring like any we can remember. The buds began breaking in late March, were held in mild refrigeration through most of April, then exploded into fragrant blossoms and glorious green leaves by the tenth of May.

If the Stanley Cup play-offs had not ended in a hurry, the athletes would have played their final matches in a dank fog while fans listened to them over the radio, reclining in their shirt sleeves on their porches. The mortality among roses has been almost without precedent. The heat started them, then the cold came and killed them. Something very queer has been happening around here, and all over the city and surrounding countryside you hear the same questions.

Is this trend going to continue? Are we headed for Glasgwegian winters, Cotswold springs and Washingtonian summers? If a Halifax January of twenty years ago was colder than a Montreal January now, if a Halifax January now is as mild as a Scottish one of twenty years ago, what is going to happen to our institutions and national character? How will our ski resorts survive? Will air conditioning become as universal in Montreal as in Atlanta? Will our morals collapse? In a word, will Canada change from a nation of hockey players to a nation of horse players?

Being now a member of the McGill Faculty Club, where more knowledge is concentrated at the lunch hour than in any club I have ever entered, I took these questions to a scientific colleague. Unfortunately, he was much too scientific to help me. All I got out of him was the information that the seals have been moving north in search of colder waters, that the plankton have been following them and that the codfish have been following the plankton. The glaciers? Yes, there is some evidence that in recent years certain glaciers have displayed what might be called, with reasonable accuracy, a tendency to melt, but it is too early, and the data is as yet insufficient, to warrant any generalization on this subject. Quite possibly after another ten years the glaciers will change their minds (the phrase is mine, not his) and establish a reverse tendency. In other words, they will freeze and Montrealers will have to go back to long underwear.

On and off in my life I have been associated with institutions where scientists congregate, and the only generalization I can make about them is they are useless to me in my work. What a writing man wants to find is a nice, glittering generality around which he can arrange a story which sheds new light on the human experience. The scientists I have known don't want to shed light on anything. All they want is to discover the truth, and if it takes another hundred years for the evidence to come in, they don't seem to mind. Give me Shakespeare every time. He may not have respected the truth, but he certainly had a shrewd eye for a deadline.

In search of truth—or is that the real purpose?—a few Montreal scientists have been going north to the Arctic every year. During the winters, when they are city-bound, I look on them with awe and reverence.

In these days when all we hear about the Northland is the money it is going to make for industry, how refreshing are these personalities with the training of scientists, the resourcefulness of explorers and the souls—though they don't admit it—of poets! At the lunch table in the Faculty Club they talk casually of Frobisher Bay and the Penny Highland ice cap. When the leaves come out in the spring they fly north like migrating birds, are deposited on ice fields hundreds of miles from anywhere you ever heard of, and when the leaves turn brown on Mount Royal in the fall they fly south again and rejoin our mundane community. They never boast, they never talk of the Arctic to a layman, unless the layman asks questions, and then they answer with the courteous correctitude of an experienced man who knows it is not much use talking about the Arctic to anyone who has not been there for at least half a dozen years. These Arctic men are a brotherhood.

A FEW days ago, lunching in the Faculty Club as usual, I exchanged a few words with Col. Pat Baird who was sitting at the next table. The next day I opened the *Star* and there, as usual at this time of year, was his picture, surrounded by twelve other scientists with faces as admirable and disinterestedly eager as his own. Colonel Baird, the paper informed me, had just flown north to Baffin Island, taking some Swiss scientists in addition to a team of Canadians. Right beside him, with a big grin on his face, was young John Thomson,

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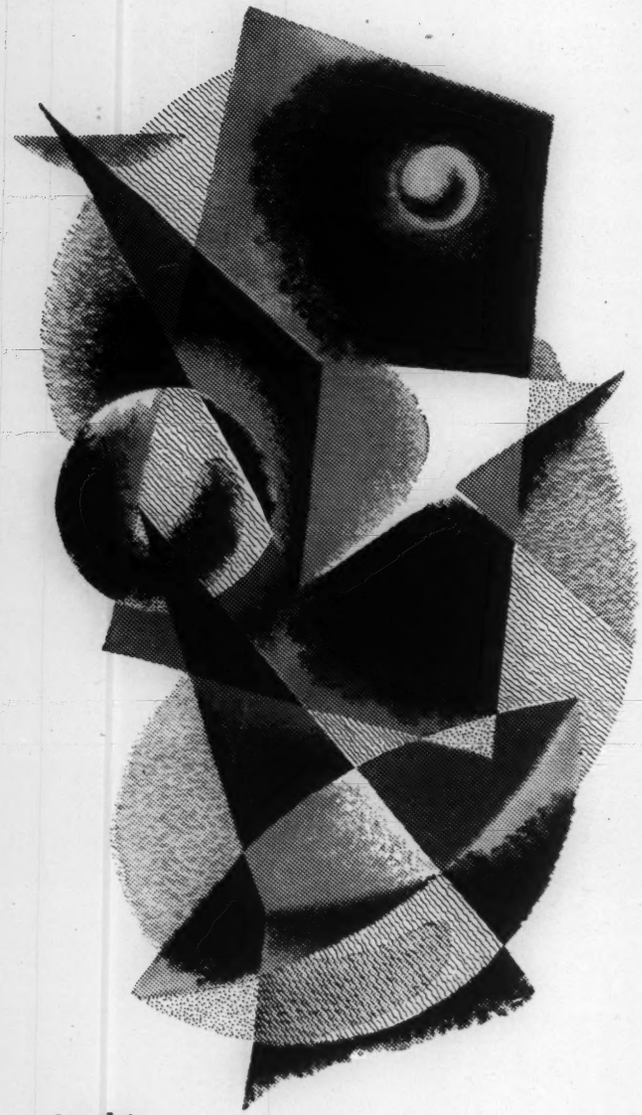

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son of the Dean of the Graduate College, who a fortnight ago had been sitting in front of me in a McGill classroom taking notes on English prose. I wondered if he would remember Bacon and Chesterfield when he stood on the top of the Baffin Island icecap. And I envied him, as all of us southbound Montrealers envy those who can have that supreme Canadian experience when they are young.

These Arctic scientists form one more of the facets that make Montreal such a varied city. Their badge is always the same; it is the beard. And it is delightful to see them, in late September or early October, back in the Montreal streets or around the McGill campus, wearing beards of formidable proportions which they retain until their wives, or the heat of their apartments, compel them to shave them off. They knew, long before any businessman guessed it, that the Canadian Arctic is an empire. But they have no fondness for empires of any sort, least of all for commercial ones. In the Arctic they are in quest of something more difficult to discover, and much more precious than ore or pelts. They are in search of whatever it is that responds to some deep need within themselves.

Some force comes alive in these Arctic men when they reach the latitudes where the only dust is cosmic dust, where the horizons are clear-etched as they never are in the south, where propaganda signifies nothing and no politician has ever bellowed into a microphone. No wonder, when they return, they are men apart.

Indeed, each one of them seems to us city-bound southlanders to be in love with a different spirit, for rarely can any two of them agree that any written description of their beloved is true or adequate. They regard the Arctic with such a spiritual possessiveness that they show no quarter to anyone who misrepresents her, or to anyone presumptuous enough to attempt to describe her in such terms that a southlander can see, smell and touch her. The Arctic, apparently, is as indescribable as a mystical experience.

So, one guesses, it is love and poetry, not science, that draw these men north out of the warmth of summer and cause them to live in winter or near-winter for most of their adult lives. Not only is love inarticulate, but the first great poet, according to the legend, had to lose his eyes before he learned how to see.

HUGH MACLENNAN

•

It is not going to be necessary to expunge horses, because horses are going to go down in this country as an example of another case in which our friends in the opposition, gleefully thinking something had been handed to them on a platter to make up for their lack of ability to produce something for themselves, will find that the whole thing has collapsed and blown up in their faces.—*Mr. E. T. Applethwaite, Liberal member for Skeena, speaking in the House of Commons.*

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The Passing Show

The Last Voyage of the V & A

SEAMEN and many other people the world over will view, with more than a touch of nostalgia, the passing of the old and no longer seaworthy royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*.

Built in 1899 for a Queen who refused to set foot aboard her; viewed with serious misgivings by many members of the royal family ever since, and once insultingly described by the German Kaiser as "the biggest turtle now afloat," the old *Victoria and Albert* once was described as the epitome of the slow and stately dignity of the Victorian era. There was practical truth in that description; the 600 tons of concrete that had to be poured into her to keep her floating upright gave her stability but reduced her speed to a crawl.

Queen Victoria, tiring of being towed around by steamers in the old *Royal George* sailing ship, had the original *Victoria and Albert* built for her in 1843. The first cruise in the Royal Commission with Her Majesty aboard was a lively one. The Mate fell overboard off Ryde. At another port of call along the south coast, the local Mayor followed this example, dressed in his robes of office and holding the mace in his hand.

The second *Victoria and Albert*, launched in the 1870's, was more to the Queen's taste, the handsome interior decorations having been designed by the Prince Consort. By the end of the century, however, Her Majesty felt that this old paddle steamer was "no longer in accord with her dignity as the head of a great maritime state" and went to work on Parliament for a new one.

Her viewpoint had undoubtedly been influenced by the fact that her fellow monarchs of Russia and Germany had both been provided with magnificent new yachts which outclassed her own. Parliament promptly voted the handsome sum (for those days) of £300,000.

Queen Victoria took a great interest in the building and furnishing of her new yacht. Some of her suggestions were eminently reasonable, such as making the Royal apartments in the new yacht the same size as those in the old in order to make use of the same furnishings. But when the Tsar of Russia, in an effort to be helpful, sent her the plans of his new yacht *Standart*, she ordered those copied as far as possible, and thus began the difficulties which were to plague the new yacht.

The Admiralty, endeavoring to comply with her wishes, instructed the builders. The *Standart* had been built to metric measurements and they assumed her tonnage had been calculated the same way. The builders proceeded accordingly, only to discover too late that the Russians had calculated in English tons.

The trim new *Victoria and Albert* was now an unknown quantity. She was launched successfully, but at Devonport for steam trials she developed a list so alarming as to call for immediate reconstruction. Her foredeck was removed, her funnels shortened and 600 tons of concrete built into her bottom.

Queen Victoria, now 80 years of age, was so thoroughly alarmed by these developments that she flatly told the First Lord of the Admiralty nothing would induce her to set as much as a foot aboard her. To make matters worse, the costs of reconstruction had hoisted the original bill to £510,000 and all this for what was apparently a white elephant.

For all that, the old "V and A", as she was known familiarly throughout the naval service, continued in commission. King Edward VII, being a canny man, had her thoroughly surveyed for defects when he took over on his mother's death. The report was favorable but, unless it was an unavoidable occasion such as a fleet review or the annual regatta at Cowes, he did not remain aboard her either. He even went so far as to have another, smaller yacht built, called the *Alexandra*. His Queen, however, made extensive use of the *Victoria and Albert* for voyages to Mediterranean and Norwegian waters. The last long voyage of the old "V and A" was in 1924, when King George V took her to the Mediterranean.

On Queen Victoria's death, it was the *Victoria and Albert*, with minute guns firing with punctilious precision as she steamed slowly through the long lines of anchored fighting ships, in the wake of the smaller *Alberta* bearing the old Queen's body, which provided one of the most memorable of Britain's naval occasions.

She was an emblem of an era which many still living today remember with pride and affection. She lies now in Portsmouth Harbor, where she will remain until the Royal Standard flutters down for the last time before it is hoisted again in *Britannia*. From there it will be the lonely road to the shipbreakers.

NOW the Royal Standard will fly on one of the trimmest and most seaworthy vessels which it has ever graced. Designed along modified cruiser lines with a maximum beam of 55 feet, the new Clyde-built yacht retains the old yacht bow. Her load displacement is 4,000 tons and her overall length 413 feet, with 380 feet at the waterline. Her continuous cruising speed is 21 knots, with single reduction geared steam turbines fed by two boilers driving her twin screws.

The new craft will have a practical design that is in the tradition of British Royal yachts from the time of the first one, the little *Mary* of Charles II, back in 1660, which was often used as a dispatch boat. In times of war the latest Royal yacht can be quickly changed into a hospital ship, the Royal and State apartments being arranged for rapid conversion to hospital wards and operating theatres. The after end of her shelter deck has been specially strengthened to permit helicopter landings.

According to her model, she will have one thing in common with the old *Victoria and Albert*. She will be a three-master, one of the few ships afloat with that traditional link to the white-winged ships of the past. And fittingly, her name is *Britannia*.

WILLIAM SCLATER

•

Each Day

How is each day a doorway to the world,
Opening on a so familiar scene
Which never looked like this? Not that the green
Is deeper. The poplars' twinkling leaves have whirled

As fast, the blue been as deliberate blue,
And everything is in the place we left it
Except yesterday. Is it because it drifted?
Is it because, though back, we drifted too?

O brave new world, that has such people in't!
We, like Miranda, cry in admiration,
Like Prospero, plan prestidigitation
To have a tempest, or a picnic, sent,

Like Caliban, but still more monstrously,
Are, at one go, ourselves and all those three.

ROBERT FINCH

•

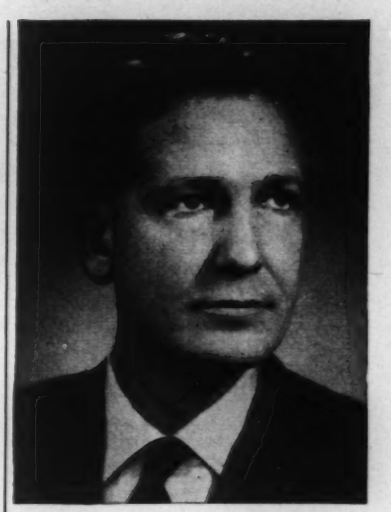
Lone Prophet

Bone, hair, flesh into dust—the sad debris
that marks man's end—was all the sign that he
was gone, who sought to warn a dying age,
whose vibrant voice was mocked in rage.

Unheard, his warning went astray; the blind,
unheeding, swept what remnants they could find
through channels well-designed to curb
prophetic blasts of truth that might disturb.

Body and brain a synthesis; no one could say
he had not challenged giants in his day.
The hour has come when other tongues must cry
his vision to tomorrow morning's sky.

VERNAL HOUSE



R. H. STEVENS, A.C.I.I., V.R.D. has been appointed Assistant Manager for Canada, of the Norwich Union Group of Insurance Companies.

Mr. Stevens joined the Society in 1932 and, after five years in England, was transferred to the Society's Branch in Japan. At the outbreak of the last war he was transferred to Singapore, where he was mobilized in the R.N.V.R. Following the re-occupation of Malaya in 1945 he was appointed Resident Secretary for Malaya for the Norwich Union and in 1948 became Manager for the Far East territory controlling Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, Borneo, Hong Kong and the Philippine Islands, which position he held until his appointment in Canada. He has the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Malayan R.N.V.R. and was awarded the Volunteer Reserve Decoration in 1952. Mr. Stevens is well qualified to assume his new responsibilities in the Canadian Head Office. *

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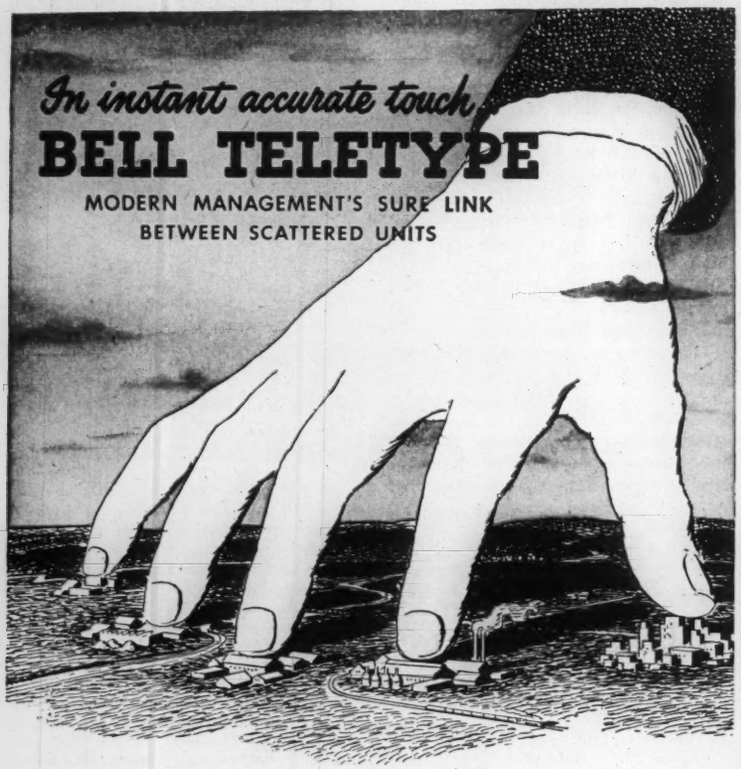

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Music

Readers Are Answered

MUSICALLY speaking, the interseason doldrums are upon us. The winter season is over, and the summer season has not yet begun. When it does, I shall be able to discuss musical comedy projects, such as Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, and Toronto's Melody Fair; to say nothing of such special attractions as the programs of Elizabethan music associated with the Earle Grey Players' Shakespeare Festival in Toronto.

In the meantime, my desk is heavily mulched with unanswered letters. It appears that innumerable student recitals are taking place. I have invitations to attend exhibitions of the piano, the violin, and the human voice from almost every province; but I am to be found at none of them.

A good student is an excellent creature, a master in embryo, and great genius writ small. But the best in this kind are but shadows, playing as their masters have instructed them, with very little alteration of their own, and that mostly involuntary. Until they are able to step on to the concert platform, as themselves, and not as so many Trilbys, they do not come under the purview of professional criticism, and their recitals must be attended only by their mentors, their colleagues, their relatives, and those who are more anxious to hear the standard repertory than I am. But I wish them well. They are in the most arduous and exacting of all professions, the fine arts; and one, moreover, in which the verdict is rendered by a jury which may know nothing about the subject, and thinks it knows all about it.

I suppose this exhibition concert business is really a very good idea. Music, like all art, is communication. The player does not know his own measure, until he feels for himself whether or not he can communicate his music. The brain and the hand need the ear to complete their work; and no music has really lived until it has been brought to life by listening ears. Nobody who has ever given any kind of public performance (even acting as Santa Claus at the Christmas concert) fails to recognize the special quality that comes from the listeners' attention. It is to learn the meaning of this vital sense of communication that graduating music students should be required to give concerts.

What else do I find on my desk? A letter from a gentleman who wants to know why I called a recent article "The Skirl of the Pipes." The answer is simple. Titles are selected by the Editor. But pipes do not skirl intentionally. A skirl is a villainous screech made when the reed decides to sound its own note, and refuses to take the chanter's column of air along with it. Any schoolboy can simulate the sound with a blade of grass, Heaven forbid.

A lady points out that, contrary to my suggestion of some weeks ago, churches for centuries have been made the home of music. This is very true, but I had intended to make clear that the Salt Lake City Tabernacle and the Unitarian Church in Toronto were made the home of actual concerts of secular music, not merely the vessels of sacred music as it arose in the course of Divine Service, or of organ and choir recitals of the kind that we feel specially appropriate to church. I must say I find the line between sacred and secular music drawn much too far over towards the sacred side, as a rule. Sir Thomas Browne had it when he said: "For even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers." Perhaps I might go so far as to say that the only really secular music is that kind of jazz music which is not yet wholly purged of the stains of its origins in the red-light districts of the South; and perhaps Sir Thomas Browne would even tolerate that.

I exclude, of course, rubbish like *I Love You Truly*, and similar pieces. These are not music at all, and have no business being sung in church or any where else. If we cannot find better hymeneal hymns than this filleted trash, we had better get married without music. Weddings are solemn and joyful occasions, and solemn and joyful music is appropriate; that is to say, almost all music worthy of the name, for what fine music is not at once solemn and joyful?

A GENTLEMAN wishes to know why I do not write about band music, meaning thereby military bands. When the doldrums are over, and bands frequent our parks, I shall hear and obey; though I strongly suspect we shall be sick of bands when the Coronation Summer is over.

Another gentleman proposes I should write a series of remarks on bell-ringing. He particularly calls for something on change-ringing, and unfairly throws my mathematical past at me to induce me to take an interest in the most brazenly mathematical exercises performed on any semi-musical instrument. I find it very hard to think of bells as musical instruments, but one day I shall do my best at it. He points out, by the way, that ringing changes of bells are a feature of the Coronation rejoicing, and therefore timely. Already I have enough Coronation material to last

me till our New Queen's Diamond Jubilee; and you may be sure I shall use it all.

A letter begins: "This is the third time I write to tell you that Berg's first name was not Arnold, but Alban. Why do you not correct this egregious error?" There then follows a stream of remarks (which my lawyers assure me are not actionable libels but only idle abuse), concluding with the observation that I know as much about music as a blue-bottomed Barbary ape. I am told this is an epithet that has been declared by the courts to be non-libellous. I am advised to wait for the day when I am told I do *not* know as much about music as a blue-bottomed Barbary ape, and then I shall be rich.

But soon the Pop concerts will be starting again all over the land and poor old Berg will disappear again till the winter! And after the Pops come all the Summer Festivals. Perhaps it's just as well we have some doldrums after all, to let us catch our breath.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

The Machine

Since you have taught me to record, I note:
Man, born of woman, you, arisen slime
Crawling the gutters and the skies, dark dot
Within the fog where distance crosses time;

I, the machine, this thing, I, who shall rule
You, who made me. Pathetic little lord
Over the switchboard and canned tin, your fool
Speaks. Let your blottingpaper brain record.

No serpent peddled fruit to buy my birth;
No deity wipe hands to shake me loose.
You made a thousand reasons why the earth
Spawned you, and who made me to be of use.

Who made me strong to move the hills; who tied
Wings to my side to overtake the sound
Of thunder and who gave me eyes to guide
You through the earth's entrails miles underground:

Take care, I note. You, who have harnessed me
To rivers, boiling steam and burning stones;
Who hitched me to the sun's white heat, the free
Wide winds and to the marrow juice of bones:

I brought you water, distances and sums
Beyond the width of all your processed woods.
I turned stink into perfume; jungle drum
Beats into plastic grooves to please your moods.

I sent you vision far beyond the stars
Your ploughs across a desert's golden yield;
Whiffed out a life in a dark house of bars
And generations on some battle field.

You used me as one uses slaves. But I
Shall crawl back through the skull that made me be.
Reshape your world in my own image. Tie
Your imageries to my efficiency,

Your dreams to breakdowns and to waste. Your fears
To electronic signals; Gods to tracts
Beyond your comprehension; and your years
To probabilities of artifacts.

Your systems, then, within you and without
To blueprints drawn to fill specific tasks.
Thus shall I conquer you: And should you doubt

Still, will you have to come to me to ask

Unless, of course, I shall decide to kill
That weakness too, among the breed of men.
Kill with an answer or some other pill.
Kill you. Not, now, for I have time. But then.

ANTHONY FRISCH

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Ottawa Letter

Liberalism, Agriculture and Mr. Gardiner

WHEN the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, was the spokesman of the Liberal party on the CBC's May 26 radio program, "The Nation's Business," he devoted most of his broadcast to expounding the thesis that the Liberal party was the only sincere and reliable friend of the farmers of Canada. He alleged that the last two Conservative Ministries had reduced the Federal expenditures on agriculture almost to the vanishing point, and had left its fortunes largely to the tender mercies of the provincial administrations.

According to Mr. Gardiner, the Liberals, soon after they started their long spell of ascendency in 1921, recognized that agriculture was one of the buttresses of the national economy, and have ever since applied themselves with wholehearted zeal to cherish it and to ease its burdens. He pointed out that in almost every Liberal Budget there had been an increase in the annual votes for the Department of Agriculture; he proclaimed with pride that last year he had managed to extract from the Treasury for it no less a sum than $100 million, which was $25 million more than the original estimates for it. He almost depicted the farmers as the favorite pets of the St. Laurent Ministry.

It was a pretty and impressive tale that he told, but some chapters which should be appended to it will leave a less roseate picture of the beneficent results of Liberal rule for agriculture.

Up till the end of the First World War, Canadian agriculture was by and large a self-sustaining industry. It secured from the state some forms of indirect assistance, such as the limitations imposed upon railway rates for western grain by the famous Crow's Nest Pass agreement. Its practitioners were almost to a man rugged individualists, who expected to stand on their own feet and never dreamt of subsidies and guaranteed "floor" prices for their products. They knew that they had to dispose of their exportable surpluses in open competition in the markets of the world, and must therefore keep their costs of production as low as possible. So they maintained a persistent fight against high tariffs, high freight rates, and other burdens which increased their costs of production.

In those days, the Liberal party always appealed for the farmers' votes on the ground that its low tariff policy made it their faithful champion against the designs of greedy industrialists who nestled in the bosom of the Conservative party and were continually prodding it to raise higher tariff barriers. But by 1920, most of the farmers west of the Ottawa River had become so disillusioned about Liberal zeal for their interests that, with some help from labor elements, they proceeded to organize the Progressive party, which performed the remarkable feat of carrying 64 seats in the first election in which it nominated candidates.

Appalled at the emergence of this formidable competitor for the farming vote, the leaders of the Liberal party developed a sudden passion for promoting the interests of agriculture. By the time that the general elections of 1925 and 1926 came round, they had been successful in convincing the farmers that they could never hope for more earnest and faithful friends. So the farmers deserted in droves to the Liberal from the Progressive party, which soon petered out to an ignominious end. Mackenzie King always claimed that its destruction was the finest exploit of his career, because it was essential for the salvation of the Liberal party.

Naturally, the farmers who had voted Liberal expected from the King Ministry tariff and other policies tailored to their needs, but inevitably their demands terrified the strong protectionist element in the Liberal party. So Mr. King, who had an ingrained horror of internal feuds in his party, proceeded with the help of his only two Ministers of Agriculture, the late Mr. Motherwell and Mr. Gardiner, to evolve a policy through which, as compensation for the acceptance of what is called adequate protection for industries, the farmers were given, as the years progressed, a variety of forms of assistance, guaranteed prices for certain products, direct subsidies for others, and even compensation for disasters to crops. And it is these kinds of doles and largesse that constitute the greater part of the present high Federal expenditures upon agriculture, about which Mr. Gardiner is so proud.

CP

The Hon. J. G. Gardiner.

It was also fortunate for the Liberals that there arose a new breed of agrarian leaders, who took no stock in rugged individualism, but cheerfully acquiesced in the new policies. The new dispensation, however, was the negation of Liberalism as Gladstone, Bright, Laurier and Cartwright understood it, and it smacked so strongly of Socialism that most of it infuriated the Winnipeg *Free Press*, which has clung stubbornly to its ancient beliefs, and has for years been limning Mr. Gardiner as a traitor to true Liberalism.

It is true that in 1952 and 1953, thanks to superabundant grain harvests in the prairie provinces, the aggregate national farm income climbed to what seemed very satisfactory heights. But, unless the great majority of our farmers are falsifying their returns for income taxation, most of them must be getting a meagre living from their labors. The proportion of the national labor force engaged in agriculture has been steadily shrinking, and many owners of excellent farms cannot persuade their own sons to resist the lure of the high wages paid in urban industries and stay on the land.

Mr. Gardiner claims that never before in our history have the farmers received such high prices for their products, but the cold fact remains that most of them have been "priced out" of the overseas markets, which they formerly enjoyed. This exclusion is largely responsible for the ominous recession of our export trade in the first four months of 1953 and the resulting adverse balance.

Today, every meeting of farmers resounds with lamentations about the depressed plight of agriculture.

Few dairymen are in a friendly mood towards the Government, and a Progressive Conservative member recently informed the writer that farmers who had been lifelong Liberals were, without any solicitation on his part, promising to support him.

It looks as if the Hon. T. L. Kennedy, when he ranges over the rural counties of Ontario to win votes for Mr. Drew, will have fields ripe for his harvesting.

Generous and widespread rains in the prairie country have greatly improved the outlook for its grain crops, but they have also given an impetus to the steady slump in grain prices, which has been visible in recent weeks. On May 30, the price of wheat in the Chicago market fell to its lowest level in three years; even the present quotations, which are expected to go lower, just make nonsense of Trade Minister Howe's claim that the British would have to pay more for Canadian wheat than $2.05 per bushel, the maximum price fixed by the new international wheat agreement.

The fact that Mr. Gardiner's own province of Saskatchewan, in which the agrarian vote predominates more than in any other province, keeps a CCF government, suggests that its farmers are not enamored of the Liberal policies for agriculture, and the present trend of grain prices will accentuate their displeasure with them.

The Vote in Nova Scotia

THE Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, say the Liberals of Nova Scotia, is a reed which can be shaken by the wind but can never be beaten down on his native heath; the outcome of the provincial election on May 26 justified this claim.

The Progressive Conservatives had been hoping that the wave of anti-Liberal sentiment, which had enabled them to regain control of New Brunswick last year, would overflow into the adjacent province. There was evidence of a distinct overflow as their percentage of the popular vote rose from 33 to nearly 43, and the Liberal percentage fell to just below 50, but it had not sufficient force to eject the Macdonald Ministry from power.

It was a much nearer thing than it looks on paper, because if the Progressive Conservatives had held all their former seats and if some score of ballots had been cast differently in two constituencies in which recounts are being sought, the Liberals would have been bereft of their majority. But, as things are, Mr. Macdonald remains in the saddle at Halifax with 22 supporters in a legislature of 37 members.

The seers of the Liberal party discern in the result of the election a hopeful augury for its success in the coming Federal contest. Here, they say, was a Liberal Ministry which had been steadily in office for 20 long years; it was charged with wastefulness and extravagance and general mismanagement of the province's affairs and it had to face the cry "time for a change". The Progressive Conservatives' line of attack was an exact pattern of the campaign which they will wage against the St. Laurent Ministry, a curtain-raiser for the bigger drama. But apparently a majority of the voters of Nova Scotia decided that the Liberal party, despite its sins and errors, still merited their confidence more than its historic opponents. So these Liberal sages predict the voters of the whole of Canada will make the same decision in the Federal election.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

Conscience

A conscience-stricken thief stole a vacuum cleaner, radio, two watches, candy and potatoes from a house in Luton (Eng.,). Next morning all the loot — except the potatoes — was found on the doorstep.

A burglar broke into a school at New London (Conn.,), cooked himself a meal in the home economics room, took $100 from the principal's room and scribbled "I'm sorry" on a blackboard.

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Foreign Affairs

Negative Aims Are Not Enough

IT IS HARD to find the words adequately to express one's feelings for the conduct of the major Western powers these days. Stalin dies, and the whole Soviet world is supposed to be thrown into difficulties, even crisis, at his removal after a quarter of a century of iron rule. His successors cry to the people, every hour on the hour, "Don't give way to panic and confusion!" They hasten to release international tension, so as to ease their own position while they are getting a grip on things.

But what happens? Have we any plan for taking advantage of the greatest opportunity we are likely to have, barring war, to secure our aims in the cold war with Communist expansion? Far from it. It seems to have occurred to no one that Stalin might die, and that this would provide us with a favorable moment. We wouldn't dream of taking advantage of anybody in a moment of bereavement. (In the whole of Canada only one newspaper, the Vancouver *Province*, was so unsporting as to suggest that we should.) Besides, we haven't any aims, beyond the negative one of keeping the bear from the door.

So it is the West that is thrown into confusion, not the Soviets. We are revealed before the whole world to have no plan; we take no initiative. Instead, we slang each other like fishwives over how quickly we should grasp the pudgy fist of the new Soviet dictator. Then we call a conference, not to plan and prepare the global policy which alone would fit our situation, but to paper over the cracks in our alliance and agree to be less abusive of each other.

Were I a prospective leader of Germany or Japan — powerful nations which will soon weigh more heavily in the world balance—looking things over coolly so as to be sure to be on the winning side next time, I would not be impressed. If I were a resistance leader in one of the former colonial countries of Asia, such as Indo-China, Burma or Indonesia, I would think once again about risking all in opposing the Communists; and if I were an underground fighter or a potential resister in one of the satellite countries of Eastern Europe, or in China, I would not count much on the doctrine of Liberation so much heard of lately.

Were I a Soviet leader, I would do just exactly what they seem, in fact, to have done: I would stop worrying about my own position, note carefully all the issues over which the Westerners were quarrelling, and pry with all my might at the weak joints in the enemy alliance. If you look through a recent daily summary of Soviet broadcasts, you will see how the momentary eagerness for "peace" has passed and how the attack against the Western powers is being carried on with the old confidence. Take the day of May 18, which I have before me: there is nothing friendly in it towards the West at all, no difference in tone from the broadcasts of Stalin's day.

I take the broadcasts in the order they come. There is an anti-American play to the British, presenting Dulles' trip to the Middle East as another U.S. grab for oil. There is an anti-American play to the intellectuals of the world, holding up a U.S. philosophical magazine to scorn, as displaying the triviality of American thought. There is an anti-American play to India, praising Nehru's call for an East-West meeting and showing how the U.S. blocks this.

There is a play to British discontent over the way the Americans are handling the Korean truce talks. There is a broadcast showing the U.S., already the giant monopolist of the world, grabbing for a world monopoly of uranium. There is another broadcast to the British, showing how the Japanese, with U.S. help, are squeezing them out of Asian trade. There is a play to all the colored peoples, in a broadcast portraying American policy as based on racism; and a play to all peace-lovers which shows Dulles as the chief American warmonger. There is a play to all Arabs, in a broadcast which proclaims that the British base at Suez menaces their sovereignty.

IT IS no good simply to pass this off as having little effect. One of the most disturbing things about the present Western crisis has been the evidence which it has given of the wide acceptance of certain propaganda themes which the Communists have been pounding out steadily for months and years, and not only among misguided Europeans but among a good many intelligent people right here in Canada. You have heard them, I am sure.

"Only the Americans are holding up peace in Korea," they say. "They won't make concessions." Let's be specific: what concession is it that the Communists want, what point ostensibly has been holding up the truce for the past year? It is the forced repatriation of prisoners. And I say, just as I said about the forced repatriation of Soviet POW's and refugees agreed to at Yalta, that if it is so important to the Communists to be able to show their own people that no one can ever get away from their grip, then it is mighty important for us to show them that they can surrender to us and be safe.

The mass surrender of 3,900,000 Soviet soldiers between June 1941 and February 1942, according to German figures tabled at the Nuremberg Trial, very nearly brought down the Soviet

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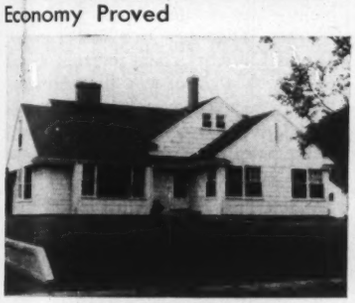

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regime. We sent these people back, to death or slave labor, and the Soviets let their people know that we had sent them back. If we do that again, we will have made sure that in case of a third world war there will be no mass surrenders to us, just blind resistance. We may not believe there will be another world war, or may just not want to think about the possibility; but it would be utterly improvident in our leaders not to take out this valuable insurance policy.

"The Americans won't meet the Soviets half-way." It is, of course, in the oldest and best tradition of Anglo-Saxon compromise that the parties meet each other half-way and make a fair deal. But the situation here is that the Soviets have been grabbing peoples and territories steadily since 1940, when they took over the Baltic States. "Meeting them half-way" seems to mean that we should now recognize their conquests. If so, then let those who use these weasel-words just say plainly which peoples the Americans are to sell to the Soviets.

"There are some Americans who don't want a settlement, who really want war." Sure, there is McCarthy, and there is Knowland, the "Senator from Formosa," and General Van Fleet. I can also remember General MacArthur; and people like Gerald L. K. Smith, Burton K. Wheeler, Gerald Nye, and Hamilton Fish. I don't see any way, in a free society, of preventing obnoxious people, or people who happen to hold views sharply differing from one's own, from reaching public office. But did not the United States save the free world, in spite of Wheeler and Lindberg and Colonel McCormick? Did it not flood the Soviets with Lend-Lease food and materials and machinery, and offer to include the USSR and its Eastern European satellites in the Marshall Plan?

For all of the prestige and oratorical power of General MacArthur, did not the United States reject overwhelmingly his plan for carrying the Korean War into China, and his bid for the presidency? Did not the United States hold a Great Debate over the stationing of a few American divisions in Europe, and doesn't Senator Taft still hanker to get them out again? I can't see the warmonger in all this. The trouble is, rather, that the Americans have been liberal to a fault; and you know the old Spanish proverb about ingratitude being the independence of the soul.

What we want from them now, as we have been trying to explain, is liberal trade, not liberal aid.

And what we want in political policy is something better than the negative notion of "resisting Communism." If the West is to be held together it can only be with a positive policy of building something better and broader than what Senator Taft has called "only an old-fashioned military alliance." The Atlantic Pact was supposed to be more than that. It is time to get busy making it more. For the U.S. and British policy of standing back and urging the Western Europeans to unite is stalled. Nothing less than Atlantic Union will suffice as a Western objective.

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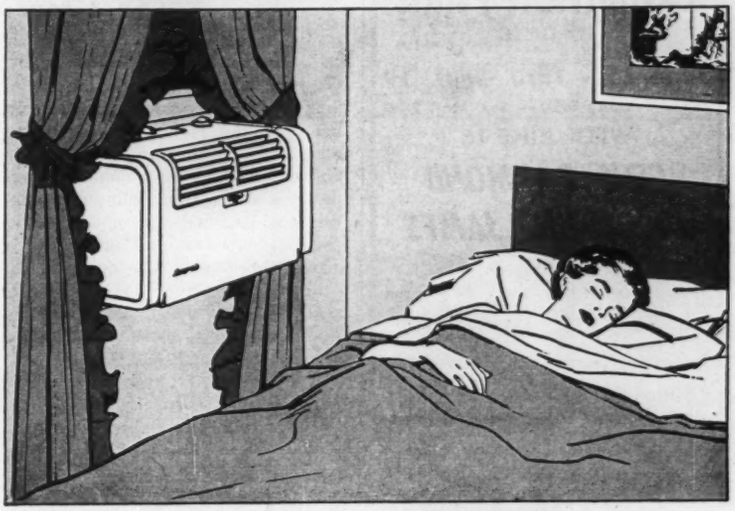

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Films

The Great Collaborators

AN ELABORATE technicolor version of the life of Gilbert and Sullivan, with generous excerpts from the operettas, is just the picture to turn up in Coronation year. For the Gilbert and Sullivan collaboration represents most of the admirable English qualities that the outside world finds so baffling—insularity and wide adaptability, stiff individualism and brilliant compromise, a passion for tradition and a delight in kicking the traditional into a cocked hat (but an admirable cocked hat, suitable for Royal functions). Nothing could be more English than Sir Arthur Sullivan's music with its prancing pace and its pious overtones—*Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here* came to him as naturally as *Onward Christian Soldiers;* and nothing could have served the Sullivan music better than the Gilbertian wit, at once donnish and universal.

The Life of Gilbert and Sullivan takes its time in covering the story of that long, fruitful, stormy collaboration; and there are lavish full-stage interludes from almost all the famous operettas, except, rather inexplicably, *Patience.* Voices and choruses are excellent, and the comedy is carried on briskly in the elaborated pantomime that has developed through half a century of Savoyard tradition.

The story itself has to do with one of the oddest partnerships in the history of entertainment. Gilbert and Sullivan worked, fought, parted and came together again over a long lifetime; and the coming-together on every occasion was equally profitable and mutually exacerbating. Temperamentally, they appear to have been almost as uncongenial as a pair of Kilkenny cats tied to each other's tails. Their talents held them together whether they liked it or not, for nobody could write words to Sullivan's music like Gilbert could, and nobody could compose the music for Gilbert's lyrics like Sullivan. Their gifts were unique and inseparable.

In *The Life of Gilbert and Sullivan,* Maurice Evans is cast as Composer Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert is played by Robert Morley. Both actors show a tendency to ham their roles, but this is probably inevitable since it has become a dramatic convention to treat the Victorian period as sublime in its absurdity and rather ridiculous in its sublimity. Certainly there is nothing in the portraits presented here to suggest that either of the collaborators had any private gift of merriment. They are revealed as stuffed Prince Alberts, hardly distinguishable, in their solemnity and irascibility, from Papa Barrett of Wimpole Street. Fortunately the story itself contains very little of the invented and routine nonsense that characterizes most screen musical biographies, so it can safely be recommended to admirers of the great men and their lively works.

The Stars Are Singing brings Rosemary Clooney to the screen for the first time. She is a spirited and confident girl, who appears to be quite capable of handling a light musical single-handed. However, she is carefully bolstered in her initial appearance by a variety of other talents. Lauritz Melchior is on hand to supply a couple of arias; Anna Marie Alberghetti, a youthful coloratura, sings and sings and sings; and there is a trained hound who gets into the act because he can't do any tricks but at the sharp word of command merely collapses like melting toffee. He was quite funny in a lugubrious way—funnier certainly than anything else in the picture.

The story has to do with the efforts of a group of show people to rescue a fifteen-year-old Polish girl (Anna Marie Alberghetti), who has jumped ship in New York Harbor and made an illegal entrance by swimming ashore. They finally succeed, after considerable vocalism. Little Miss Alberghetti has one of those astonishing youthful voices that keep turning up on the screen, wonderfully brilliant and fluent up and down the scale, but a little shrill in the upper register. She also has almost enough tricks and mannerisms to outfit a Wagnerian diva. After some of her higher flights, it was a relief to sit back and listen to Rosemary growling her way hoarsely through *C'mona My House.* Lauritz Melchoir seemed a little dispirited by all the youthful exuberance around him, and under the circumstances one could hardly blame him.

Confidentially Connie is a depressing little comedy about a young, pregnant housewife (Janet Leigh), who can't afford to buy meat on the budget provided by her husband (Van Johnson), a University lecturer. Then her rich father-in-law (Louis Calhern) roars in from Texas and starts a meat-war that provides his daughter-in-law with a high protein diet. The cast overworked itself almost to the point of hysteria trying to make something of this sketchy little notion, but very little came of their efforts.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Circumlocution

You think you know what a railway is?

Before you try a definition of your own, read the one with which the German Reichsgericht (Federal Court) came up several years ago and which was republished in the April 16 issue of the fortnightly magazine, *Aufwarts,* in Cologne.

According to that high court of the former German Reich, the German state-owned railway is "an enterprise aimed at repeated transportation of persons and goods over not quite unimportant distances on a metallic foundation which through its nature, construction and smoothness is meant to make possible the transport of large weights, as well as the attainment of a relatively great speed, and through this quality in connection with the natural forces used for locomotion (steam, electricity, animal or human muscular activity, in case of a down-hill stretch even the own weight of the transport receptacles or their load, and so on) is able, while in operation to produce a tremendous—depending on the circumstances useful only in a limited way and sometimes also human life destroying or health impairing—result."

Children call it a choo-choo!—*Christian Science Monitor*

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Sir Winston Churchill: "If St. George were alive today, (he) would have arrived in Cappadocia accompanied not by a horse, but by a secretariat. He would be armed, not by a lance, but several flexible formulas. He would be welcomed by the local branch of the League of Nations Union.

"He would propose a conference with the dragon. He would then lend the dragon a lot of money. The maiden's release would be referred to Geneva or New York, the dragon reserving all rights, meanwhile."

Vancouver Sun: We share George Chandler's (president of radio station CJOR) angry bewilderment at the sudden apparent abandonment of the fight against government radio and television monopoly by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters... He hints strongly that he believes private station operators responsible for the CAB's about-face are frightened by the high-handed way in which the government is doling out a few TV station licenses to private operators.

He implies operators seeking licenses are fearful of being denied continued TV monopoly and that they are selling out their anti-monopoly principles to ensure themselves licenses.

If this is so, it's the most damning proof yet of the menace to any free expression in Canadian TV as long as it remains under the dictatorship control exercised by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

A private operator who swallows his criticism to avoid displeasing the CBC and the government to get a TV license is even more likely to refrain from irritating them in using the license.

Christian Science Monitor: The word should be truce not peace. There can be no real peace with Communist tyranny. But the necessary struggle can be moved to the level of political warfare as and if the Reds are convinced that the defensive strength and united purpose of the free world are sufficient to make military adventures too costly.

Montreal Matin: There are constant cries for greater and more complete state security. Indeed, these demands constitute a veritable social peril, a menace to the nation and to the individual.

Too many people envisage, not the security which is to be obtained by individual effort and thrift but rather a security which will enable them to live in idleness, sure of state aid as their needs arise, even before they do arise.

The London Times: The blackboard, according to a Ministry of Education report, is on its way out. It has been found to exert a depressing effect upon the student, and is being replaced by the "chalkboard," which will be tinted in one of nine bright colors and may be made of cork, sand-blasted glass, or various other alternatives to wood.

This humane and long-overdue reform has come, for most of us, a little late in the day, but regrets are bootless. It is not only idle but unmanly to attribute the paucity of our scholastic attainments to the soul-destroying influence of the blackboard. Even if our first acquaintance with the Greek alphabet had been made against a background of pure cork, it is by no means certain that we should today be a Fellow of All Souls. We must not envy the younger generation because they enjoy advantages that were denied to us; we can only hope that they will make the best of them.

Owen Sound Sun-Times: Now mind you, we have no quarrel with animals—in their proper place. We'll even go along with a gag and say that once in a while that place might perhaps be on a postage stamp.

Last year there was a seven-cent issue with a blue goose or a lame duck or something on it, and it was right pretty. And although we don't often buy fifteen-centers, seems we recall the old reliable beaver appearing on that one recently.

But surely that could have kept the Post Office art department happy for a while? And if they do feel an irrepressible urge to draw up postage stamps, surely they could have designed a better one than the present mountain-goat effect, where the four-cent denomination mark is so perfectly camouflaged as to be almost invisible.

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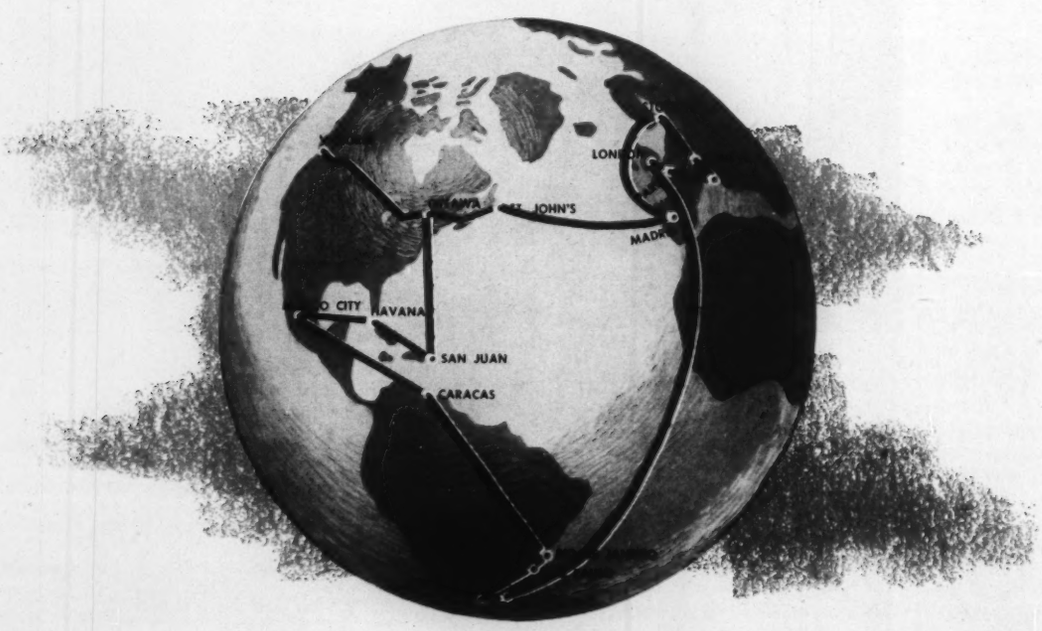

Ottawa, painted for the Seagram Collection by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A., O.S.A.

friendly relations between the people of Canada and the peoples of other lands, these original oil paintings of Canadian cities by Canadian artists are now being exhibited in many major cities of the world, including San Juan, Havana, Mexico City, Caracas, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Rome, Paris, Stockholm, Madrid and London. The exhibition will bring to the peoples of the world glimpses of the Canadian landscape and skyline . . . views of Canada's growing cities . . . cities rising from its seacoasts . . . in the midst of its plains . . . at the foot of mountains.

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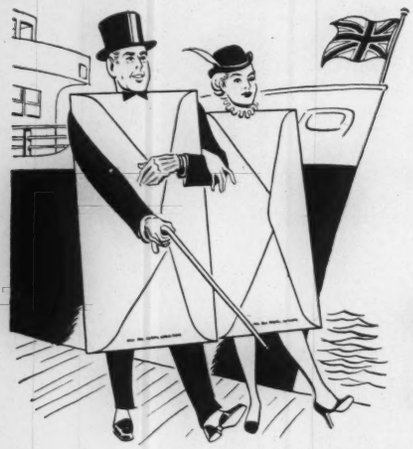
The House of Seagram



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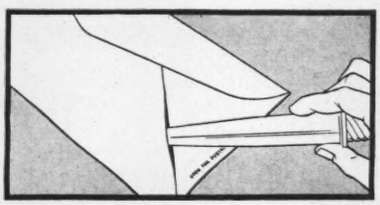

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Books

Nor Hell a Fury

IT IS A PITY that the pleasant custom of choosing epigraphs for books is out of fashion, or Mary Macfadden might have dressed the title page of *Dumbells and Carrot Strips* with the truest words that Congreve ever wrote:

Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd
Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd.

This is a deeply, remorselessly revengeful book. The woman who wrote it was for seventeen years the wife of the Father of Physical Culture and bore him seven living children. She experienced extreme unhappiness, physical strain and humiliation of spirit. The astonishing thing about her book is that while it is ruthless it is rarely bitter. If it were a mere debunking attack on Macfadden I would not write about it at length, but it is much more than that. It gives us a remarkable picture also of its author, who appears to be a woman of distinguished quality.

She was a loom-girl in a Yorkshire carpet mill when Macfadden chose her from a group of contestants as "Great Britain's Perfect Woman." She toured Britain with his health show, posed in classical drapery and tights, jumped on his stomach from a height of six feet, and fell in love with him. They were secretly married, but for fear of the effect of such an announcement on business he deferred any public acknowledgement until she was five months pregnant.

He withheld her prize money as the Perfect Woman; he kept her share of the proceeds from selling her picture; he made her promise to bear a minimum of six children without medical attention and while living on a scant vegetarian diet; he bought her a wedding ring in a pawnshop. Such behavior would have alarmed a less innocent girl, but she loved him and wanted to help him spread his Gospel of Muscle.

If Mary Williamson had been a stupid girl of weak character, this might not be surprising. But she was not. She came from one of those working-class Nonconformist homes where intelligence was respected and cultivated, where learning was sought and good books read, where honor and a puritan morality were bred in the bone. All through her book this background asserts itself.

Great wealth, prolonged misery and association with the Macfadden publishing enterprise—that graveyard of taste, style and integrity—did not rob her of the habits of mind she formed as a girl. True, she is no stylist; she can use an expression like "kicked off", for "died", in the same sentence as a pretentious word like "indubitably"; she calls her children "progeny" and laughter "risible emotions" while calling men "guys"; but under the True Story jargon we can discern the pompous but literate manner of Bulwer-Lytton and Dinah Mulock. Money and publicity corrupted Macfadden, but they did not unseat the Baptist conscience of Mary Williamson.

She tells her story with humor and usually with admirable restraint. I have called this a revengeful book, but it is not meanly revengeful, and I found no spite in it. She says repeatedly that she loved her husband, and she must have done so to endure so many slights, and so much real cruelty at his hands. She still shows tenderness toward Macfadden as she believed him to be at his best, and she makes generous admission of the many fine flashes of insight which made his physical culture beliefs important.

Unquestionably, Macfadden was a genius of a rare and curious kind. To a world which was growing soft as an outcome of the Industrial Revolution, he preached the simple truth that exercise is healthy and can do much to cure many physical ills. To a world which over-ate, he declared that over-eating shortened life and hastened many degenerative diseases. To a world which consumed drugs by the handful, he taught that drugs alone cannot cure the effects of unwise living. We all accept these things now, but they were strange teachings fifty years ago. But unfortunately Macfadden was also a humorless crank, who insisted that there was but one disease ("Impurity of the Blood") and but one cure (fasting). His phenomenal stinginess made fasting especially dear to him. He professed to cure everything.

SURELY THERE must be hundreds of thousands of people who recall Macfadden's magazine *Physical Culture* as it was before the First Great War. I have read some of the early volumes and amid all the illiterate trash there are pearls of wisdom. They are curious, also, as examples of what the magazine public would tolerate. I recall a picture, purporting to be of Macfadden before he "developed" himself, which revealed a scraggy, naked youth, pitifully far gone in tuberculosis; but the face of the halftone had been obliterated with a blow from the printer's mallet. Would magazine readers nowadays accept such a picture as authentic? I recall articles by Paderewski and John Drew, relating their physical culture enthusiasm, which strained my credulity even as a child. I recall Macfadden's appalling novel *The Athlete's Conquest*, which must surely find a place in any list of the Ten Worst Books.

Macfadden could not write because he did not think; he had inspirations,

but he had no coherent thought. Nor did he read. We learn from his wife's book that he never read anything; this accounts, of course, for the extraordinary composition of the New York *Graphic*, his tabloid newspaper. He was an illiterate man and his literary instincts and his attitude towards the generality of mankind were base. Yet such works of his as *Vitality Supreme* and *The Virile Powers of Superb Manhood* sold in great numbers because they held out hope to many unhappy people, and because some of the things they contained were true. He was a Muscle Messiah.

His ideas about obstetrics, however, were decidely not true, as the mother of his Physical Culture Family discovered in the course of seven deliveries and two miscarriages. Macfadden thought that pregnant women should take plenty of exercise, which meant long swims, ten-mile walks, fast sets of tennis and two hundred knee-bends every day for nine months. This was to be sustained on a Belsen diet of carrots and similar roots, washed down with rain water. He had a notion that hungry mothers bore male children.

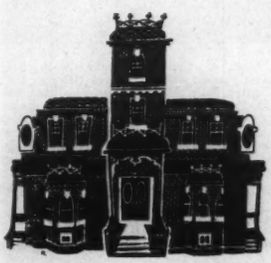
Childbirth, to a woman with muscles like an Olympic champion, may present some difficulties, but Macfadden permitted no medical care for her before or after, and he did not allow a month to elapse before another child was in preparation. I am a strong-stomached reader, but there are passages in this book which would make a buzzard gag. It is a textbook of fanaticism applied to the pursuit of health.

H. L. Mencken summed up Macfadden in a penetrating paragraph, thus: "His chief intellectual possession, one gathers, is a vast and cocksure ignorance. He seems to be taken in by all the transparent quacks who advertise in his magazines, and he postures as an authority upon the crimes of modern medicine without knowing anything more about the human body than any other gymnast. His central doctrine is to the effect that bodily vigor is the foundation of all virtue."

Bodily vigor made a megalomaniac of Macfadden. He wanted to be President of the U.S.A. He wanted to have still more children "by natural childbirth." He fell more and more under the influence of the disingenuous Fulton Oursler. When his wife protested against these things he pondered (that is to say, he remained silent for a time) and then delivered this judgment: "Woman, you are no longer necessary to my success." This is unquestionably the most revealing sentence in this remarkable book. The reader is left with no doubt, however, that the "woman scorn'd" has had the last word.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

DUMBELLS AND CARROT STRIPS, the story of Bernarr Macfadden—by Mary Macfadden and Emile Gauvreau — pp. 405 — *Clarke, Irwin—$5.25.*



In Brief

MAJOR CAMPAIGN SPEECHES OF ADLAI E. STEVENSON—pp. 320—*Random House—$4.25.*

Mr. Stevenson recalls "uncomfortably" some of the words of Froude in his introduction to this volume: "The excitement of perpetual speechmaking is fatal to the exercise of the highest powers." He adds to "excitement"—remembering the hectic occasion of his speeches' preparation—the word "exhaustion." Yet despite their hurried circumstances, the topical references and the cooled heat of last year's Presidential campaign, the eloquence remains lustrous and vital. No other Presidential candidate, surely, has ever spoken so consistently well so often. For his intelligent liberalism and faith in his people and ideas are burnished and made manifest by literate wit. He is eloquent on enduring themes.

A lot of quackery is talked about "deeds not words." The savage, noble, or merely strong silent, man acts; the civilized person articulates. Words are wise men's counters. Mr. Stevenson must be counted among the elect, even if he was not elected. His sincerity, purpose and intellect are an endowment to the American people.

THE LAST HUSBAND—by William Humphrey —pp. 239—*McLeod*—$3.50.

Despite the stringent analytic view of people and the writer's determined aloofness from them, these ten short stories have sentiment and good nature; a sincere and almost moral tone. There are bitter-sweet studies of school-children with end-of-term report cards, an artist perversely arty in failure, a queer commuting philanderer (the title story of the book).

Mr. Humphrey's range of subject is wide, his medium narrow. The stories are saved from finicality by his humanity. His technical economy and art make them vignettes for connoisseurs of the short story. Their artful simplicity gives them a wider appeal.

INVITATION TO TEA — by Monica Lang — pp. 284 — *Nelson, Foster & Scott—$4.50.*

Exciting encounters with jungle animals; the romance of frontier life in far-off Assam, near the Burma border; colorful and quiet glimpses of native life and servants, and of the little English-speaking societies superimposed on India during the last twenty years of the British Raj. But it is not these which make this womanly autobiography good; its special quality is in its portraits of devoted family life in England and the creation of a happy married life in India. There is little gush, no bitterness of disillusionment or sharpness of assuming intelligence. Such love

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is not purblind. Wise as well as sentient, it is dutiful and brave — and enduring.

The portrait is not without heart's distress. They must part with their first little daughter, to be schooled as usual in England. The last war intrudes into Burma and India, sending Monica to refuge in the U.S.A. There she fended for herself. There she heard of the death of her tea-planter husband. After VE day she married an American friend to both of them . . . Good reading about brave living.

INK ON MY FINGERS—by J. H. Cranston—pp. 188—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

When a newspaper editor looses his tongue about the Toronto *Star*, J. E. Atkinson ("a compound of contradictions") and names which are the stuff of Canadian history and journalism of the last fifty years, the ink on his fingers is sure to spatter fascinatingly. The late J. H. Cranston was editor of the Toronto *Star Weekly* for more than a score of years and an active newspaperman from 1896 until shortly before his death last December, when this autobiography was in manuscript.

Cranston is revealed as a kindly, gentle man, mild-minded. What then raised him to an important editorship? Perhaps in his rising days amiability and a talent for phrases, steady work and little-Joe stories were rare combinations. At any rate, his Churchgoer's ethics recommended him to Joe Atkinson. These were not enough for H. C. Hindmarsh, wielder of power at the *Star*, after Atkinson. Hindmarsh fired Cranston in 1933 while Atkinson sent a cool note of appreciation. Two years later Cranston bought the weekly Midland *Free Press*, which he enlarged and remade into an excellent Ontario weekly.

The tattle is good, the assessments of personalities gentle, incisive and occasionally vinegary. "It was the aim of J. E. Atkinson to produce a newspaper that would have big circulation, big advertising, and big profits." A valuable piece of Canadian modern folk-lore which will set tongues wagging.

THE HAPPY ISLAND—by Bengt Danielsson—pp. 252 illustrated—*George Allen & Unwin, —London—$3.75.*

The only Swedish member of the Kon-Tiki expedition returned, this time with his wife, to the small coral island Raroia in French Oceania on which the Kon-Tiki had been wrecked two years before. The Polynesian natives were delighted. Most of them, after shaking hands with Danielsson, hurried back to the end of the queue so that they could shake hands all over again.

Danielsson had previously seen Raroia in a festive mood and found it good. He and his wife wanted to live there for a while to find if the customs, conditions and life were as good, gentle and peaceful as they had seemed. They were. But they found that the paradise was not for foreigners. Even if strangers could get permission to settle on the island, they could buy no land. Without land, income, and the Polynesian adaptability, the island could cease to be a paradise. The world must always be too much with us.

The translation is by F. H. Lyon who also did *The Kon-Tiki Expedition* and *Two Eggs On My Plate.*

T. J. A.

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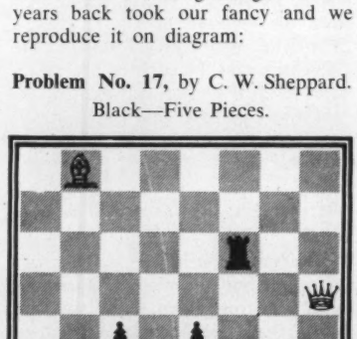
Chess Problem

HERMANN HELMS, dean of American chess, favors us with a mention in the latest issue of his American Chess Bulletin, due to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary next year. Over the years, this magazine's problem section, one of high repute, has been in charge of three skilled authorities, H. W. Barry, K. S. Howard and now Edgar Holladay of Charlottesville, Virginia. Under their leadership, progressive American composers have developed many themes, and some important composing tourneys have been promoted.

Our thoughts turn to the quartette of W. A. Shinkman, J. C. F. Wainwright, C. D. P. Hamilton and J. N. Babson, as they were responsible for many long-range problems, the majority self-mates and a solving challenge. Shinkman had the crowning achievement in a 418-move self-mate, to which he devoted a booklet.

Of modern two-movers published in the Bulletin, a lightweight of two years back took our fancy and we reproduce it on diagram:

Problem No. 17, by C. W. Sheppard.
Black—Five Pieces.



White—Five Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Like Sam Loyd, the puzzle king, Shinkman injected humor into many of his compositions. A favorite is his double-grab three-mover from back in 1882:

White: K on KR2; Q on KB3; R on QKt7; B on QB7; Kt on KKt1; Ps on QR2, QKt6, QB2, QB6 and KKt2. Black: K on QR1; Rs on QR4 and K1; P on KR4. Mate in three.

Key-move 1.K-R1, waiting. If R-R3; 2.Q-K2, etc. If R-R5; 2.Q-K4, etc. If RxP; 2.Q-B7, etc. If R-Q1 or KKt1; 2.Q-Q5, etc. If R-QB1; 2.Q-B5, etc. If R-R1; 2.Q-B3, etc. If P-R5; 2.Q-R5, etc.

Solution of Problem No. 16

Key-move 1.Q-R7, threatening 2.Q-B2 mate. If Kt-K3 or QxQ; 2.B-Q5 mate. If Kt else; 2.QxQ mate. If P-Kt6; 2.Q-K4 mate. If B-Q8; 2.Q-Q3 mate. If K-Kt6; 2.Kt-R5 mate.

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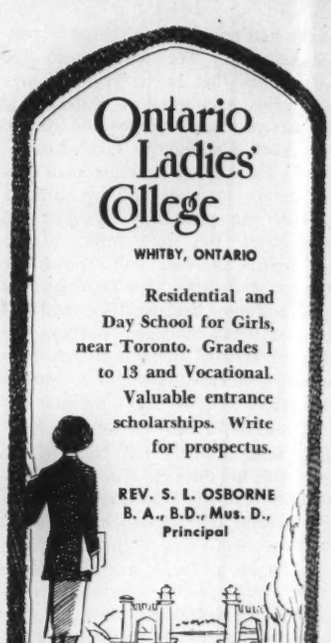

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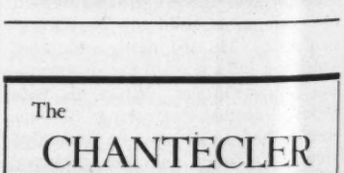

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If Memory Serves

Nostalgia on the Assiniboine

A FEW WEEKS AGO, while re-visiting Winnipeg, I passed Dr. Duval's potato patch on Assiniboine Avenue. Of course, it isn't a potato patch now — an apartment block has been built there—but Madame Gauthier's house is next door and, just around the corner on Donald Street, is the house where I spent my childhood. We lived at No. 52 and, immediately south of us lived Captain Spink; immediately north of us was the little six-apartment block which Mr. Patterson had built on a lot adjacent to his own residence.

The big Hastings house was directly across the street at No. 55 and their relatives, the Billy Mathesons, had a smaller residence next door. Old Dr. Duval's home was 59 Donald Street.

As I passed the potato patch a few weeks ago, I could remember how Dr. Duval looked when he would come through the wire gate, carrying an egg basket. Dr. Duval was a short, stocky man with white side-whiskers and beard which gave him a slight resemblance to Santa Claus, trimmed for the summer heat. He wore a black vest and a shirt and collar, but often he went without a tie while working in his potato patch. He wore a flat cap, too. It's peculiar, but I can't bring him into focus without that cap, although I must have seen him bareheaded often, in his house and in church.

His full name was Rev. Frederic B. Duval and my father told me that he came of French Huguenot stock. This accounted for the fact that around his house at various times were four Corinnes, three Lorraines, three Hughs and two Genevieves.

Our little world was limited on the north by Barker's Funeral Home and the confectionery store on the corner of Broadway and, in the south, by Dr. Duval's potato patch. Because Dr. Duval's grandchildren out-numbered all the other children on the street, we spent a great deal of our time in his yard. Those things were called "yards" in those days although a good half of his ground was given over to the garden. Even when we stumbled into his flower-beds or filched his berries, he merely shook his head and softly murmured his favorite expression, "kids is kids."

I don't remember any dogs—other than our own — on that street. Our dog was a St. Bernard, named Prince, and he was as large as a polo pony. There is no record of Prince having taken a bite out of any one, but, certainly he scared the pants off the tradespeople. The milkman, the breadman and the postman were in such awe of him that they boycotted our house. Eventually, faced with the prospects of starvation and being cut off from communication with the outside world, except telephone, my father loaded Prince into a baggage-car and shipped him off to my Uncle Bert, who was the railway agent at Francis, Sask.

Prince languished in Francis. There were no postmen or milkmen or breadmen in Francis and life lost its zest for him. One day, bored by it all, he simply crawled under the station platform and died.

The circumstances under which Dr. Duval acquired his potato patch are lost in the mists of the years but it was a narrow strip of soil which stretched from the sidewalk of Assiniboine Avenue right down to the

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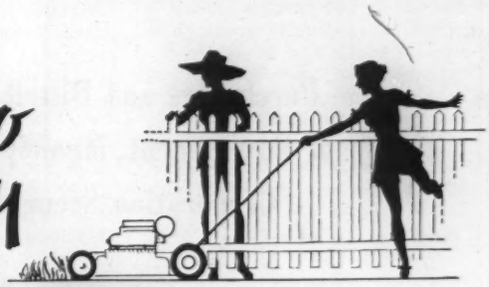

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waters of the river. When he put this land under cultivation, it was only natural that there was an exodus of curious children from the yard at 59 Donald Street.

There were regular evening processions — the old man followed by the chattering children, travelling slowly down Donald Street and across Assiniboine as Dr. Duval watched for an automobile or a speeding cyclist and clucked: "Kids is kids."

Those of us who were mere neighbors entered into these agricultural activities, at first, with considerable gusto. Dr. Duval taught us how to dig the pits and then plant the chunks of seedling potatoes, first to the north and then to the south. He was stoutly opposed to planting east to west. When the first novelty wore off, and nightly there were arduous tasks of hoeing and weeding, those of us who were neighbors failed to join the Duval grandchildren in the evening chores. The Duval grandchildren were dedicated to the cultivation of the potato patch, but when the little procession swung out of 59 Donald Street, the others busily became engaged in hopscotch or One-Two-Three O'Leary. We journeyed back to the potato patch in the autumn when we could assist in harvesting the crop.

Those short trips down to Assiniboine weren't without adventure. There was the autumn when the small river steamer was pulled up on the bank of the Assiniboine, just at the bottom of the potato patch. Looking at those muddy streams today, it's difficult to imagine that once they were navigable waterways. That small steamer kindled our imaginations and, when Dr. Duval's back was turned, we attempted to break into it, but the locks defied our childish fingers, and one day the next spring, the steamer had disappeared, carrying its secret with it.

At the bottom of that potato patch, too, we fell among our first evil companions. The boys and girls who lived on Assiniboine Avenue were considerably more worldly than Dr. Duval's flock from Donald Street. They exposed us to the perils of nicotine but, fortunately, just before we became incipient victims of hashish or opium, my father appeared, scattering all but his errant son, who suddenly found his feet imbedded in large cakes of cement.

It was during one of those summers, when the Duval grandchildren were hoeing the potato patch, that I was sent to visit my Uncle Bert at Francis. My uncle Bert was a patient man and he would pull the express truck along the station platform, pretending to be a horse while I was the drayman. When, during these exercises, he failed to come to a sufficiently smart stop, he was understandingly surprised to hear me shout: "Whoa you crazy son — — ——!"

Obviously I had been away from Dr. Duval's gentle influence too long and had fallen, temporarily, under the spell of Tom, the Francis village teamster.

Then, there was the affair of the vacant lot which lay just south of Captain Spink's house. I remember that vacant lot for several reasons. Corinne Saunderson fell there, when I was chasing her, and she suffered a terrible semi-circular cut when she landed on the broken bottom of a milk bottle. I suppose she carries the scar to this day.

Even better, I remember the evening when the neighborhood lawyer fell asleep in the vacant lot. He had been coming down Donald Street, a jaunty figure, swinging a cane, wearing a checked suit and a straw boater. He veered slightly as he reached the vacant lot; then removed his hat and, executing a few mincing steps, keeled over on his back. The children gathered around him, sniffing at the fruity vapors which exuded from him. From the beatific smile on his face, it was obvious he was in no pain.

We were standing there when we heard Dr. Duval coming down the street slowly. There was no expression on Dr. Duval's face. One by one, faster and faster, we ran away from there, ashamed of our own curiosity.

Dr. Duval never mentioned the incident to us.

Today, when I return to Winnipeg, I make a brief pilgrimage to Donald Street. As I pass his gate I can see him shaking his head gently and I can hear him say, "kids is kids."

JIM COLEMAN

•

This Wicked World

A Minnedosa, Man., car thief was captured whilst searching for himself. Alex Johnson got three months after taking a car, ramming it into a culvert, then joining a crowd watching a ball game. He was later arrested among volunteers searching for the thief.

Windsor (Me.,) police are looking for two young women who invaded the home of 82-year-old Fred Merrill and "hugged" him out of $220. They stole a billfold from his pocket. Later, Albert Smith, 85, complained he had lost his wallet and $20 when the same pair showered him with their embraces.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of Brooklyn received two complimentary tickets for a premiere film show. They didn't know who had sent them. After the show they discovered their home had been ransacked — and a note "Now you know."

Emery Turner, fined $50 for drunkenness, told Toronto Magistrate F. C. Cullen, it wouldn't do. "Now I'll just have to go out and steal," he said.

Civil service examinations for the posts of sergeant and lieutenant of police at Philadelphia had to be called off. Somebody stole the test questions.

Two men broke into Inverness (N.S.,) town hall, rescued a friend booked earlier on a drunk charge and made their getaway.

London (Eng.) police are seeking a thief who made off with a truck in Piccadilly. The truck was loaded with burglar alarms.

Business

Restoration of Free Trading in Copper

By HAROLD WINCOTT

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that private trading in copper will be resumed on the London Metal Exchange on August 5 next surprised nobody. Towards the end of April, the Ministry of Materials reduced the price to U.K. consumers from £280 to £253 a ton (or from 35 U.S. cents a lb. to 31½ U.S. cents). It scaled down the price it pays its Rhodesian and Canadian suppliers from the £268 a ton (33½ U.S. cents a lb.) paid hitherto to the Rhodesian companies to the basis of the U.S. internal price received by American producers for metal sold in the U.S. (about 30 U.S. cents a lb. or £240 a ton).

The cut in the consumers' price brought the U.K. price about in line with Continental "free" levels then ruling, and was generally taken to presage the restoration of free dealings in the metal in London.

By the time the news of the latter development arrived some two weeks later, Continental markets in copper had fallen well below the newly established U.K. price, and for the moment sentiment here appears to be confused and not very bullish.

This is not difficult to understand. The transition to a free market is a longer and more complex process in the case of copper than it was in the case of lead, zinc and tin, for copper is used in a great variety of specifications and fabricated shapes. With the other non-ferrous metals, a free market has meant a falling market. August 5 is a long way off—sufficiently far off for a lot to happen before it arrives, and most that happens these days seems to be part of a deflationary pattern.

Because of this uncertainty, consumers have held off—and thereby contributed still further to the uncertainty. About a year ago, U.K. industry was buying about 30,000 tons of new copper a month, and as recently as the first quarter of this year monthly consumption of new and secondary together averaged 40,000 tons. In April this year, purchases of new copper from the Ministry had fallen to 13,000 tons and domestic consumers' stocks had been run down at March 31 last to 13,600 tons.

Although some recovery in purchases to around 15,000 tons is expected during May, June and July, it is estimated that the Ministry of Materials will emerge from the period of control as a bull of about 200,000 tons of copper. No one expects the Ministry to fling all that metal on the market. Indeed, talks have been taking place with Commonwealth suppliers and their agencies on the methods to be adopted to cause the minimum upset to the market as and when these stocks are released. It is further expected that the government will retain part as a strategic stockpile, as it has done with lead and zinc.

Nevertheless, it is easy in these circumstances to understand why consumers are holding off, and why the current guess is that the free market may, other things being equal, open around £200 a ton (25 cents a lb.) But this forecast, even if it is borne out by events, is not regarded too tragically.

There is general and natural satisfaction here over the prospect that the world price of copper will again be determined in London. There are valuable invisible exports to be earned in the process. The new freedom, coupled with the expected reduction in price, will, it is hoped, stimulate the industrial use of the metal. There has been fairly general agreement among commercial interests here that copper had been too expensive and that as prices fall back a number of outlets, particularly in the building trades, may begin to expand again.

At the same time, a price of around £200 a ton would be reasonably profitable to the main producers, certainly those in the sterling area. The recent reduction in price may be estimated to have cost the four producing mines in Rhodesia, on the basis of a minimum output of 300,000 tons, a matter of £8 millions a year, and a further fall in price, of perhaps double the fall recently announced, would seem to hit such producers pretty hard. In fact, however, as generally happens these days, the fall in revenue would be cushioned by tax savings. Here, a special factor arises—the transfer of two of the Rhodesian undertakings, Roan Antelope and Mufulira, from the U.K. to Rhodesia, as from July 1. This will reduce the companies' tax liability still further.

On the longer-term view, the balance of probabilities is by no means unfavorable to copper. World production is about in line with world needs on a broad view. Often, copper production is of the very substance of social betterment and security programs on which political futures in the producing countries depend. There is, in this connection, a school of thought here which believes that a considerable demand for copper exists behind the Iron Curtain, and that that demand will be satisfied from the West if the alternative courses are even less palatable.

Various schemes for the expansion of output are in progress, but the high capital cost of such schemes suggests that the expansion in world supply will not on average outpace the growth of world demand. Finally, there is the fact that copper happens fortunately to be largely identified with basic and expanding industries such as electricity generation and distribution, machinery, and transport. Provided it can keep competitive with alternative metals, the secular demand for copper, temporary upsets apart, should continue to grow.

The one big "if" in the copper setup, as seen from London, is the imponderable which dominates all economic and industrial thinking these days—the possibility of a recession in industrial activity in the United States. The United States, after all, normally consumes about half the world output of copper and a good deal more than half in present abnormal conditions in Europe. In recent months, consumption in America has been exceptionally strong.

If U.S. business activity remains at a high level, then despite the recently diminished buying by European consumers, it could be that some of the short-term doubts about copper's future will prove to have been overdone, and, when free trading starts in London, it will start on a better basis than that now envisaged.

If, on the other hand, it becomes apparent during the early months of free trading that the United States will, in 1954, be facing a slackening of trade comparable with that which it experienced in 1949, the impact on copper could be severe, and the existing recession in European buying could be prolonged and intensified.

•

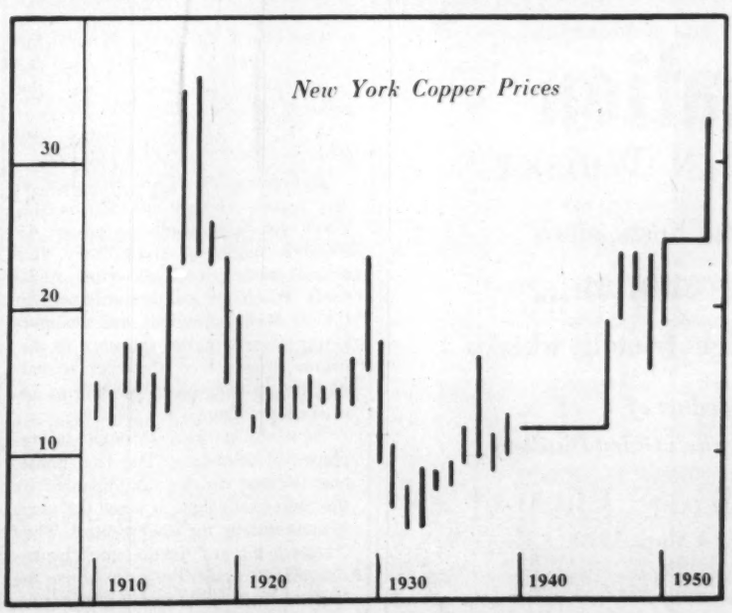
Futures Trading

With the resumption of futures trading in copper this month in New York, another long step forward towards the free markets, where buyer and seller can meet without government interference, has been taken.

The function of the futures market, as its name proclaims, is to deal in contracts for future delivery in all manner of commodities from onions and wheat to zinc. By means of these arrangements, sellers can contract for the delivery of unharvested crops or unmined metals. Rubber from Singapore can be sold long before being shipped. Buyers of these contracts, which terminate in the months named (such as July wool), protect themselves against increases in prices, but take the risk that prices may fall.

Another protection to the buyer or seller offered by the futures market is "hedging." This is used a great deal by manufacturers, to avoid losses on inventories of raw materials. "Hedging" is the term used for selling a futures contract short against cash purchases. Price changes in the commodity then cancel each other.

Copper futures, whose yearly range is shown in the accompanying chart, will give some indications of coming prices in London.



Dominion and Provincial
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Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

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Gooderham & Worts Limited
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C29

Gold & Dross

Western Tungsten

I HAVE *some shares of Western Tungsten Copper Mines that I purchased at 3.65. Would you advise me to retain it or sell it at a loss and write it off?—M. J. D., Sydney, NS.*

The market action of this stock, since listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange, has been a steady drift downward from its high of 4.75 to its recent price of 2.25. One of the factors in this decline has been the marketing of optioned stock.

Another factor is the outlook for earnings. To this observer, the price of the stock near its high was hardly justified by the apparent rate of gross recovery of metals, or the reported ore reserves (500,000 tons of 1.5 per cent tungsten ore and 200,000 tons of 4.1 per cent copper, 0.2 oz. gold and 4 oz. of silver).

Exploration may develop more reserves, and the increase in capacity of the Red Rose milling plant to 500 tons per day should improve earnings somewhat.

From the market action of the stock, a base of support could form near the two dollar level. If support develops there, the stock could recover to about 3.25 on news.

Winora Gold

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion on the future prospects of Winora Gold Mines Ltd.? E. M. C., Halifax.*

At last report, Winora was listed as inactive with no work under way on its properties. Unless something remarkable happens, the stock seems to be more of a sale than a buy at the present price of 20 cents.

Souris Valley

SINCE *buying shares in this company at* 1.30 *they have dropped to* .60. *Also in this time the company has developed five producing wells with another in the offing. What is the reason for this trend? Why, when the wells become productive, does the value of the shares drop? Do you consider this company to be a good long term investment?—L.W.B., Ottawa.*

The total assets of Souris Valley, at last report, amount to $2,964,011. When compared with the issued 4,037,938 shares of stock, they give a total asset per share value of 70 cents. When the public excitement in the oil boom subsided, and the marketing efforts of the sponsors to distribute stock ceased, the stock retreated from its overvalued position to approximate value.

New stocks pass through several phases of seasoning. The first phase, and the one usually accompanied by the most excitement, is when the stock is marketed by the underwriters. They "make a market" in the stock by endeavoring to push the price above the level of their options so that the stock can be distributed to the public. The second phase comes when distribution is complete, the news dries up, and disappointed shareholders, who bought for a fast profit, sell out. This selling eventually brings the price back to a level where basic values again make it attractive to buyers.

The next phase consists of a constant adjustment to value. If the venture is successful, then the price will move up and eventually reach an overvalued level again. Then the cycle repeats and those who buy in haste at the top can reflect upon their error at leisure.

If the venture is not successful, it will not attract buying and the stock will eventually sink of its own weight into oblivion.

As a long-term investment a small oil company, such as this, is a subject for guess and not decision. If oil reserves and income-earning production can be built up to where dividends can be paid, it will be an investment. If not, it will degenerate from a speculation to a gamble. As the mathematical odds of any well locating oil, in favorable structure, are 8 to 1 and of finding a commercial pool of over 1 million barrels of recoverable oil, 43 to 1, it is evident that small companies must risk a high proportion of their small working capital on every hole.

As we have said more than once here, oil is a big-money game which favors the companies with large working capital, oil reserves and production. Small companies are, for the most part, speculations, not investments.

Chimo Gold Mines

I HAVE *a holding in Chimo, purchased some time ago at* 3.10. *What are the prospects of their developing a uranium mine? Should I hold on or sell the stock now?—W.E.H., Hamilton.*

The prospect of the company developing a uranium mine is anyone's guess. No drilling reports have been released since drilling began about two months ago. And, as 3,301,086 of the authorized capitalization of 3.5 million shares have been issued, we are inclined to the view that the appearance of any news will have little effect upon the market performance of the stock.

The broad pattern of distribution that has developed on the chart since the high of 4.40 was recorded some months ago, shows very heavy supply exists above 3.25 and it would appear that only the very best of news could power an advance to 3.75.

Support has currently been available above 2.75 but if this support is broken downward, objectives of 2.05 and 1.20 would be indicated. A stop loss order at 2.70 is warranted.

Uranium seems to be becoming fairly plentiful. We note a *Wall Street Journal* dispatch from South Africa

which says that the United States and British Governments have signed a ten-year contract with the Government of South Africa and some 20 gold mines for the uranium these mines have in their ore and in the huge stockpiles of mill tailings that have resulted from decades of gold mining.

One plant, handling 40,000 tons of tailings a month, is already in operation, and two others with monthly capacities of 100,000 tons and 150,000 tons of tailings are being built.

The *Journal* estimates American investment in these plants will run about $500 million and that more than 40% of U.S. uranium supplies will come from them. British investment will be about $150 million.

As a byproduct operation to gold mining, the costs of operation should be quite low. With this kind of competition it would appear that only the very high grade uranium deposits here will be profitable to operate without government subsidy.

Ajax Petroleums

SOME MONTHS *ago I bought Ajax at* 1.95. *Are these shares worth keeping or should I sell now around* 1.40-1.50?—*Mrs. K.P., Regina.*

Ajax has become primarily a natural gas company and has developed gas reserves in excess of 190 billion cubic feet in the Morinville field northwest of Edmonton. Through a subsidiary, Ajax Alberta Pipeline Ltd., it operates a gas pipeline which supplies the plant of Canadian Chemical Co. in Edmonton and Morinville Utilities Ltd. This line is expected to deliver about 35 million cu. ft. daily to the chemical plant on a 20-year contract.

The present market price of Ajax appears to be in line with the estimated value of the gas reserves and the pipeline. Earnings from gas production should build up working capital and provide funds for further exploration and development work.

As the company has possibilities of growth, the stock appears worth holding.

B.C. Power "A"

I HAVE *some British Columbia Power "A" that I bought at* 26. *Would you recommend switching this investment into Hiram Walker?—C.T., Montreal.*

With B.C. Power at 36, such a move would seem good trading tactics. In support of this, we submit the following factors:

1. The yield on B.C. Power is now 4.5% as compared to the 6.7% yield available in Walkers at 45.
2. As the company reports it intends to merge the Class "A" and "B" shares, the future dividend rate on B.C. Power has yet to be determined.
3. The company plans to make a new common stock offering. Such an offering will dilute the equity of the present A and B shareholders and will have a definite bearing on the future dividend rate. Even though earnings increase, they will have to be spread over a greater number of shares. At this phase of the market, offerings of new stock have resulted in considerable declines in market prices. The decline in Aluminum from 50 to 42 recently, on the offering of rights, is a case in point.
4. The company is carrying a very large amount of funded debt: nearly $133 million in first mortgage bonds, $38 million in preferred stock, $3 million in debentures and $1.7 million of B.C. Electric Railway preferred. In comparison, Hiram Walker has practically no funded debt, excellent inventory and cash reserve positions, and has enlarged its sales against intensive competition.
5. The final factor in Hiram Walker's favor is that the taxes on liquor, imposed as a special levy in the United States at the beginning of the Korean war, will expire by limitation early next year.

Orange Crush

WOULD YOU *advise me as to whether Orange Crush should be held or sold?—A. McH., Winnipeg.*

Orange Crush has shown an improvement in earnings since 1951. Earnings per share have risen from 5 cents to 31 cents in 1952.

As soft drink sales are determined by the weather, any estimate of earnings for this year would amount to a long range weather forecast. With the capital surplus at the rather low level of $403,535, it appears doubtful that dividends will be resumed unless exceptional earnings are made.

Market action will supply the most worthwhile indication as to whether the stock should be sold or not. If the price fails to move above the 1952 high of 4.25, the stock should be sold.

Gas Exploration

AT PRESENT *I hold some Gas Exploration for which I paid* 1.35. *What are the prospects for this stock?—E.R.C., Montreal.*

Gas Exploration has gas reserve of about 7 billion cubic feet, much of which is concentrated in the Peace River area. Marketing of this gas will depend greatly upon the decisions reached by the Federal Power Commission in Washington, in granting Westcoast Transmission a permit to take gas from the Peace River districts to the Northwest states. Until the decision on the Westcoast application is handed down the prospects of this company are difficult to assess.

In Brief

I WOULD *appreciate information on New Casey Cobalt Silver Mines—D.S., Whitefish Falls, Ont.*

The property is listed as inactive.

WOULD YOU *consider Reality Oils a good investment at 9 cents? — S. A. G., Winnipeg.*

An investment? No.

WHAT DO *you think of Mercury Oils as an investment? — M. B., Regina.*

It is not an investment.

5% Return From
A First Mortgage Bond

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited, a subsidiary of British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited, will, as of April 30th, 1953, purchase the rod mill and wire and cable business of Phillips Electrical Works, Limited, which, with its 60 years of experience is the oldest established producer of electrical wires and cables in Canada.

The proceeds of this issue will be applied towards the purchase of this business. We, as principals, offer

New Issue

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited

5% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds, Series A

To mature April 1st, 1968

Denominations: $500 and $1,000

Price: 100 and interest

A prospectus, containing information about the Company's operations, earnings and assets and further details of this issue will be forwarded promptly upon request.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

POWER PLANT
Underwriting
DEMANDS SPECIALISTS TODAY
Underwriting has become a specialized field. With new types of power plants, and plants with higher and higher power output being installed all the time, manufacturers now need underwriting service to develop coverage suitable for their special requirements.
Through specialization, our Company has acquired the skill and knowledge to offer economical, reliable underwriting service to cover any type of power plant or specialized conditions. We will be pleased to discuss your requirements.
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EXPERIENCE
SERVICE
STABILITY
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806 The Bank of Nova Scotia Bldg., Montreal
737 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.
1-3

CIRCUMSTANCES

People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them.

—George Bernard Shaw.

SOUTH STATE URANIUM MINES LTD.

★ (No Personal Liability) ★

WE BELIEVE THAT the development of the South State Uranium property constitutes a circumstance which merits your immediate attention.

- Within the past four months the company has completed 4,698 feet of Diamond Drilling.
- 19 holes have been drilled to examine the uranium-bearing pegmatite dyke previously discovered on the company's property located in Maisonneuve Township in the Province of Quebec. 11 holes intersected the main dyke and contained various uranium values. One hole No. 13 was drilled beyond the surface outcrop of the dyke and proved the extension. Holes Nos. 2, 4 and 19, fell short of their objective although No. 2 hole at a depth of 170 feet intersected 2.3 feet of radio-active ore which assayed .092% U308 or $13.25 per ton.
- Other holes gave the following values: No. 1 hole at a depth of 70 feet, cut 1' 3" of core which assayed—0.15% U308 or $21.30 per ton. No. 4 hole at 70 feet, cut 2' 5" which assayed in part .0685% U308 or $9.87 per ton. This drill hole cut a narrow section at 70' which assayed .63% U308 or $90.72 per ton. Hole No. 18 the most successful to date at 97' 5" cut a core width of 7' 5" which assayed 0.1881% or $27.09 per ton.
- Further assaying is being carried out in the high grade sections of the drill core to determine the amount of the Tantalum oxide content.

To pursue the encouraging results already established and to explore other areas of the property, a further contract for additional drilling of 4,000 feet has been let and is NOW IN PROGRESS.

Considerable interest is centred around the holdings of South State Uranium Mines in view of the large amount of staking by other companies in this area.

South State Uranium Mines Limited shares can be purchased direct from the company or through your own broker.

SOUTH STATE URANIUM MINES LTD.

Suite 512, 21 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario

Telephone: EMpire 8-5968

The company has registered 360,000 shares of its treasury stock with the Security Exchange Commission, Washington, D.C., to be sold in the United States, proceeds from which will be used for future development.

SOUTH STATE URANIUM MINES LIMITED,
Suite 512, 21 King Street East,
Toronto, Ontario.

Please accept my offer to purchase ..... shares of South State Uranium Mines Limited at $1.00 a share, for which I enclose full payment.

or

Please send me complete information on South State Uranium Mines Limited.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

This is a speculative security. S.N.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 266

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 29th May 1953

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY LIMITED

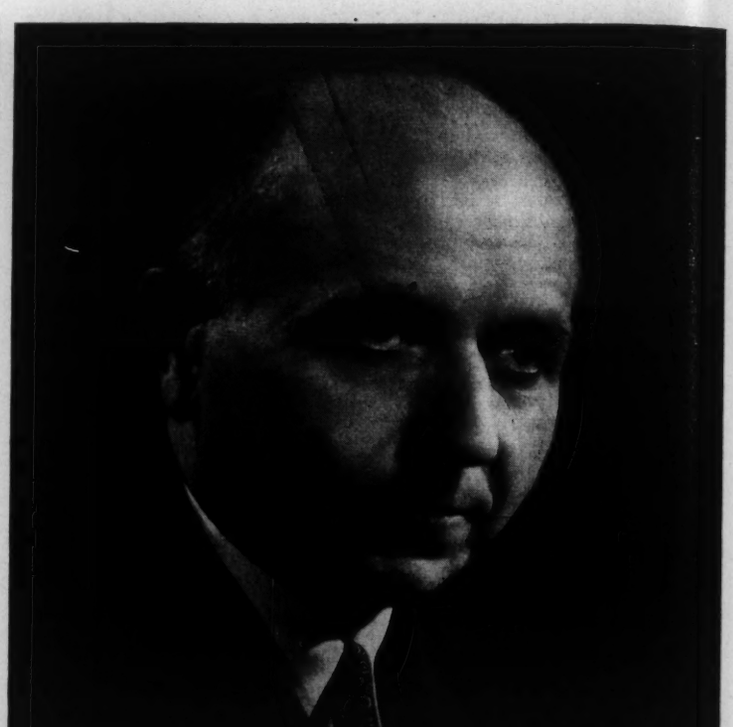
Common Dividend No. 63

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held on May 25th, 1953, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable July 2nd, 1953, to shareholders of record June 15th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

A. M. DOUDA,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario,
May 27th, 1953.



Don Coltman, Vancouver

WALTER P. ZELLER: It's turnover that counts.

Who's Who in Business

THE MAN WHO, in some respects at least, has done in Canada what the mass-production salesmanship methods of Mr. Woolworth and his imitators have done in other parts of the world, is an amiable, balding businessman, who was born on a farm in Ontario's Waterloo county to a family that had arrived in Canada from Germany half a century before. Walter P. Zeller is his name—a name, in golden letters, that looks down from the black vitriolite fronts of 36 stores across the Dominion.

Like many another top retailer of today, he had his early experience at Woolworth's. He started literally at the bottom, taking a job as a basement storekeeper, and worked his way up from there. And in his early years, about the time of World War I, he and his young wife lived with suitcases almost permanently packed. Starting at Chatham, Ontario, they moved to Winnipeg, to Saskatoon, Hamilton, Toronto, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Pawtucket, New Haven, Syracuse and finally back across the border to London.

It was the Kresge company, which he joined after leaving Woolworth's, that kept him so much on the move and gave him the knowledge of buying habits that has served him in such good stead as head of his own multi-million dollar nation-wide chain.

The prosperous year of 1928 saw the first Zeller signs go up, outside stores in St. Catharines, Guelph, London and Fort William. The paint was scarcely dry before the property changed hands. An American firm, Schulte-United Limited, didn't need the Zeller chain so much as they wanted the boss of it. But they bought the whole lot, lock, stock and Walter who was forthwith installed in an executive job in their New York headquarters.

The depression weakened the once-powerful Schulte-United chain, and Mr. Zeller bought back all his old stores plus the other Canadian ones in the chain, 14 in all. For economy he closed down three, but apart from the war years, he has opened at least one new store each year between 1933 and 1952.

The chain gradually became country-wide with branches in the smaller towns and cities — Barrie, Oshawa and Fredericton — at first; larger ones such as Halifax, Calgary and Vancouver came later. He opened his first Toronto store three years ago, in the Bloor street area which likes to be known as the city's "Fifth Avenue" — an area noted for the

elegance of its well-designed store fronts and its fur and jewel-filled windows has handsomely paid off.

At that time the stocky (5 feet 4½ inches, 140 lbs.) president remarked: "We've stayed away from big cities purposely in the past because we've always thought we could do an outstanding job in the smaller places. But we've grown to be a national organization, and there is no longer any reason for staying away from Toronto".

But a stronger clue as to why the Zeller activities are still expanding is probably to be found in his statement: "You can't keep good people on your staff by standing still. As their abilities develop, the company must create bigger jobs for them".

Some of these "bigger jobs" have taken top Zeller executives into the "two-car" class and other employees are looked after in a dozen different ways which include attendance awards, extra winter vacations for long-service employees, and pension and hospitalization schemes.

About the profit-sharing scheme, which has enabled employees to split up almost a quarter of a million dollars per year in recent years, the zealous Mr. Zeller says, "it's something to encourage people to do their best".

He is frank about the secret of success so far as Zeller's Limited is concerned. "When you operate a store," he explains, "you have certain fixed expenses such as light, rent and business taxes. Whether you do $1,000 worth of business or ten times that amount, you still have to meet them. It is when your store begins to turn over a lot of goods for the same amount of expenses that you start to make money".

By quickly building up to such a turnover, each of the stores started to make money almost as soon as it was built, and total sales, including those of the subsidiary company, Federal Stores Ltd., topped $35 million in the year just ended.

When their employer isn't around himself, the 2,000 employees of Zeller's Limited across the country are kept in touch with his activities and hobbies (golf, photography and the theatre) through the medium of *Zeller's Forum*, which chronicles, in word and picture, his cross-the-world travels and such events as a party he gave for the children of Montreal employees. At this party the children gleefully shared the 63-year-old president's enthusiasm for an elaborate press-button model railway which covers a large table in his sitting room.

The father of two sons (the elder was killed in the Air Force during the war) Walter Zeller likes children. Despite business chores, he finds time to fill directorships for Shawbridge Boys' Farm, Montreal YMCA and a children's hospital.

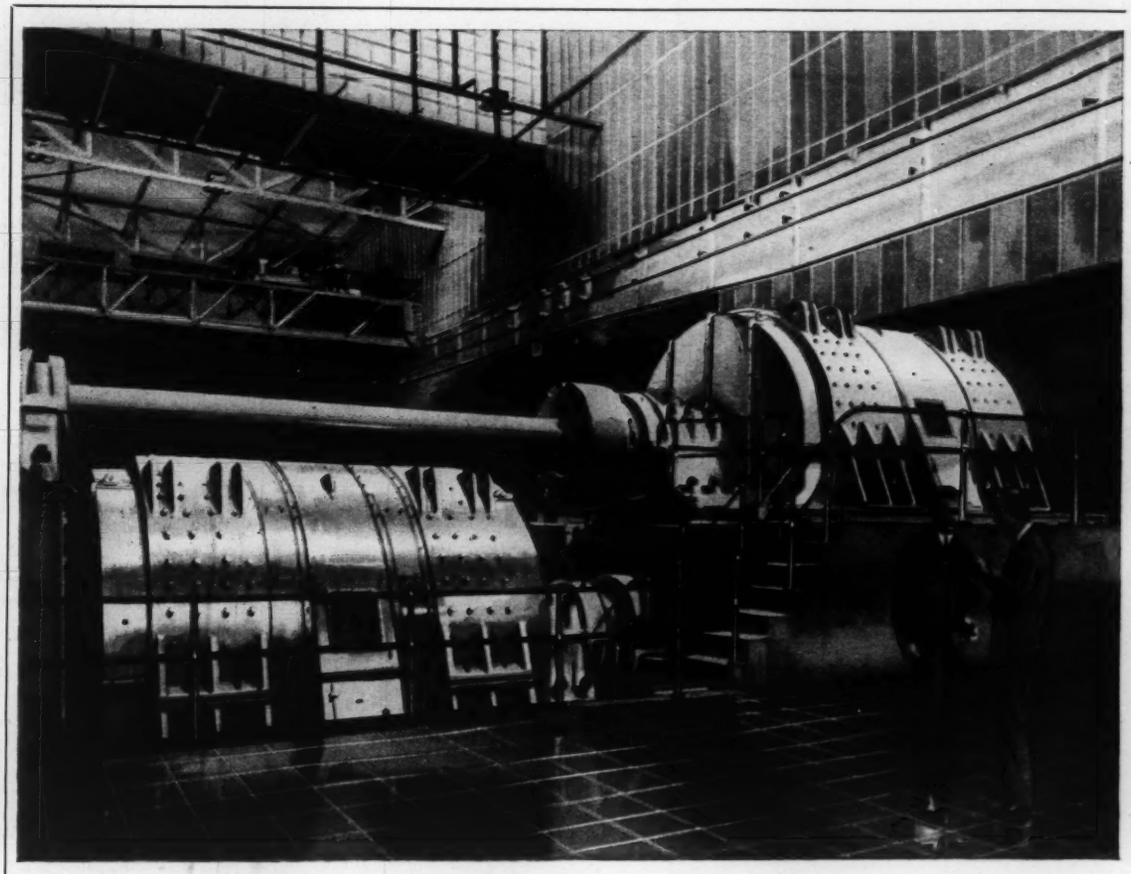
Earlier this year he was elected a director of the American-owned W. T. Grant Company, which operates about 500 stores throughout the U.S., when that company became affiliated with Zellers. For most people that would mean more work and worry, but for Canada's bustling chain-store king it merely means a reason for more travelling. JOHN WILCOCK

Stockholder's Tour

In marked contrast to the dry-as-dust annual reports produced by many companies, Dominion Stores Limited has produced a LIFE-like survey of the 200-store organization's activities as seen through the eyes of a pretty, blonde stockholder. An inspiration of advertising director J. Scott Feggans, whose ingenuity has turned out similarly unique reports in the past (one was presented in crisp tabloid-newspaper style) the booklet charts Dominion's course through its 12th consecutive record year — $120 million worth of sales, almost 21 per cent above the previous year.

Shareholder Mrs. Amos is shown in the report beginning her tour (in color) in the desk-less office of president J. William Horsey. She meets executives and department managers in each of the company's six eastern districts.

Just 32 years old (one year older than its photogenic guest), Dominion Stores Ltd. is gradually changing its merchandising methods by concentrating its selling in airy, centralized "mammoth markets" instead of a multitude of smaller shops. At the moment there are 14 of these huge stores in operation, with more planned, each serving a particular neighborhood. The immediate results of this policy earned Mrs. Amos and her fellow-stockholders 52½ cents per share during 1952.



Modern rolling mill practice . . .

The twin drive, with each roll driven separately, thereby eliminating the pinion stand, was pioneered by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' as early as 1922. Shown here are the main motors of a double armature twin reversing drive developing 27,600 peak horsepower, for a 45 inch slabbing mill. The rapid acceleration and deceleration required is obtained by the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' standard reversing mill Control System, employing the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' Magnavolt rapid response control exciter.

The Company has supplied many drives for both hot and cold rolling mills, including over fifty main drives for hot reversing mills, as well as many other hot mill drives for continuous and semi-continuous strip, sheet, wire rod and merchant sections. Also, the long experience of 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' in this field provides a wealth of information on all electrical problems . . . power and substations, cabling and ventilating and complete layouts.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

rolling mill drives

Offices in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver
English Electric Company of Canada Limited. Head Office and Factory: St. Catharines, Ontario

TV Sales: No Saturation

OVER 300,000 families in this country own some kind of a TV set today. According to trade estimates, this figure may well be doubled by the end of the current year.

In the short space of 12 months the television set has become not only a topic of considerable debate but for its price, Canada's fastest-selling commodity. One year ago, there were 116,616 television sets in use, located in towns and cities where programs from U.S. stations could be received.

When the CBC finally started its Montreal and Toronto telecasts last fall, sales managers took on extra help to handle the orders which more than doubled to 7,000 sets per month. Before the close of the year 25,000 sets were being sold each month—a figure which has remained fairly constant since then but can be expected to zoom again with the opening of more stations.

The growth of television in Canada has been much slower than in the United States, where the demand for sets at one time multiplied so fast that a lack of trained technicians posed a very real problem. Taking heed of this warning, the manufacturers in this country have kept the service factor very much in mind and the Radio and TV Manufacturers' Association has organized frequent "schools" to help in providing men with the required skills.

The Canadian Radio and TV Manufacturers' Association has complained bitterly and repeatedly about the 15 per cent excise tax on radio and TV sets but so far without any effect. Now that the revenue from the tax is to be funnelled into the gaping jaws of the CBC, there is considerable pessimism about the chance of its removal.

It has not, however, prevented Canadians from buying sets—first at lofty prices around $700 and then at steadily decreasing cost. One of the reasons for the initial price handicap with which TV entered Canada was that special 25-cycle sets had to be designed for a good deal of the Canadian market, without the hope of selling anything like the 25 million units which adorn American homes. The change-over to 60-cycles in thickly-populated Southern Ontario is still underway and will not be completed for at least five years.

Canadian manufacturers estimate the sales ratio between this country and the U.S. is 1 to 20, and they feel that, with sales of TV sets at least, there is plenty of selling to make up. Actually, experience has shown that in the appliance field there is virtually no saturation point. Although it is two years since the Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated that 92 per cent of Canadian homes owned a radio, sales still average a tidy half million sets per year; apart from the fact that sets get broken or worn out, new developments such as clock radios, tea-making sets and combination units keep the dealers constantly doing business. And it seems a safe bet on human nature that if the day ever arrives when everybody owns a TV set there'll still be plenty of people to buy new ones as they tire of the old.

However, when the current sales position is examined more closely at dealer level, the picture is like that seen in many fringe-area homes—crowded and confused.

It is possible, according to the advertisements, to buy a 21-inch television set for as little as $200; but after the buyer has signed his name to a cheque or instalment agreement, servicing of the set becomes a question. Many dealers find it an economic impossibility to maintain an expensive servicing department and still compete with the lowest prices being offered by other dealers.

One dealer, Lee Hartman, of Toronto, explains: "It costs me a fortune to keep TV working. Good technical servicemen alone demand about $100 a week—and, frankly, hundreds of calls that come in from customers are nuisance calls because the average owner doesn't understand and can't handle his set. But nuisance or not, they all have to be dealt with, and that runs up expensive bills for the dealer who guarantees to provide servicing when he sells the set."

Most of the trade's problems boil down to the retail price of a set. Under the Retail Price Maintenance Act of 1951 a manufacturer may only *suggest* an over-the-counter price for the set and he is powerless to prevent the price-cutting and unorthodox advertising which can turn a market upside down.

Much of the public's confusion stems from this lack of an official price list which is, of course, the one thing the trade can do nothing about. A substantial proportion of dealers—mostly in the East—belong to a 12-year-old trade association, the Canadian Association of Radio, TV and Appliance Dealers, but there are enough "independents" to provide frantic competition. The Association's secretary-manager, Wilf Hodgins, frankly admits that most dealers are going through their toughest time. "The public just doesn't know where it is with all this price-cutting," in the opinion of Mr. Hodgins. "Men who have dealt with their customers fairly and squarely for years are being bypassed because dealers are offering sets at ridiculously low prices—at prices which must be accompanied by inadequate attention afterwards."

The current price war is bound to produce casualties before it ends. The profit margin on a television set is already considerably less than on other appliances, according to trade sources.

"There's no doubt the trade is heading for a showdown on the whole prices question," commented one sales executive, "and possibly many of the quick-sale merchants will get out in time. But a television set is not like a package of butter. It's made up of thousands of intricate parts, any one of which can go wrong and the 'cheap sales without service' policy isn't one which can build up much long-term business for a dealer.

"The best advice I can give to a potential buyer is to make sure of the terms of the sales warranty, always ask to see the dealer's service department and never expect something for nothing."

J. W.

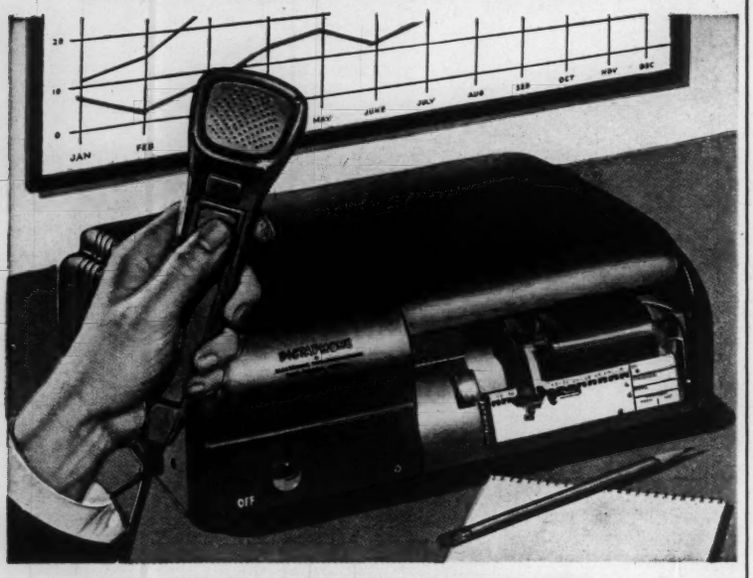
•

Canada's Forests

In total forest area, Canada ranks third among the countries in the world. The top two are Russia and Brazil. The Canadian Government Forest Service estimates the Canadian forest area to be 1,320,000 square miles, about 38 per cent of the total land area. More than 764,000 square miles are classified as being capable of yielding continuous wood crops.

Of this productive area, only about two-thirds is economically accessible at present. Geographical location, transportation, fire protection and other cost items determine whether an area can be efficiently lumbered.

Lick business routine... free your mind to plan



(with a Dictaphone TIME-MASTER)

WHEN you can't dispose of business routine, you feel you're getting nowhere fast. Pressed—and depressed!

That situation calls for a Dictaphone TIME-MASTER, the all-purpose electronic dictating machine that licks business routine, frees your mind for more important work. TIME-MASTER gives you positive control of your only constantly diminishing asset: *time.*

Pick up the mike, and think . . . out loud. So far as you're concerned, it's *done.* Your secretary transcribes your dictation directly from plastic *Dictabelts* that reproduce with FM radio clarity. Not a minute lost in scribbling shorthand. Less work for her, greater accomplishment for both of you.

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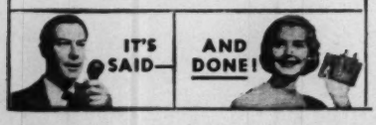
Whenever, wherever, whatever you want to communicate, TIME-MASTER makes it easier. The busier you are, the more you *need* this superior dictating machine.

Why not learn how easy it is to lick routine . . . to get the best out of your mind . . . to keep on top of your job?

The brilliant new plastic *Dictabelt* is transcribed, mailed or filed. It's so inexpensive you use it only once.

This coupon will tell you how! Use it—*now.*

DICTAPHONE®
CORPORATION
Greatest name in dictation



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I would like: ☐ A free *Dictabelt* and folder.
☐ A free TIME-MASTER demonstration.

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Company_____
Street_____
City & Zone_____ Prov._____

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Robert P. Simpson, Manager for Canada

15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Toronto, May 7, 1953

NOTICE

is hereby given that Canadian Reinsurance Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certicate of Registry No. C 1411 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Aircraft Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Boiler Insurance, Credit Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Forgery Insurance, Guarantee Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Live Stock Insurance, Machinery Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Real Property Insurance, Sickness Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Theft Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

ROBT. F. CLARK,
Manager.

Sibbaldwood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 27

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable July 2nd, 1953 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on June 3rd, 1953.

Class "B" Dividend No. 22

Notice is also given that a dividend of ten cents (10c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable July 2nd, 1953 to shareholders of record as at the close of business June 3rd, 1953.

By order of the board.

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary

London, Ontario,
May 22nd, 1953.

CIVIL SERVICE
(Federal)

A COMPTROLLER

Salary — up to $7,500
Depending upon Qualifications

for No. 25 Central Ordnance Depot, Department of National Defence at Montreal

Details and application forms at your nearest Civil Service Commission Office, National Employment Office and Post Office throughout Ontario and Quebec.

Insurance

Possible PPF Change

OUR PERSONAL Property Floater underwriters are said to be considering the adoption of an 80% co-insurance requirement for this broad form of insurance, because of the disproportion of sums insured to pertinent values.

According to the practice for some years now, a Personal Property Floater policy is issued to an applicant on filing a written statement of aggregate values at risk. The signed survey form breaks this figure down to show the amount related to such effects as (a) jewellery, watches and furs; (b) books, tools, instruments and equipment pertaining to applicant's business; (c) watercraft — rowboats, canoes, outboard motors and boats, and (d) all other household and personal effects and personal property.

In a section of the survey form devoted to tabulating this data for premium computation, the following bracketed warning usually appears: "(A policy is not issued for a lower amount of insurance on unscheduled property than 80% of the approximate total value of such property . . .)"

Down at the bottom of the form somewhere (as a rule just above or below space provided for an applicant's signature) occurs the following:

"It is understood that this survey forms no part of any policy which may be subsequently issued and is for the purposes of underwriting information of the insurance company only."

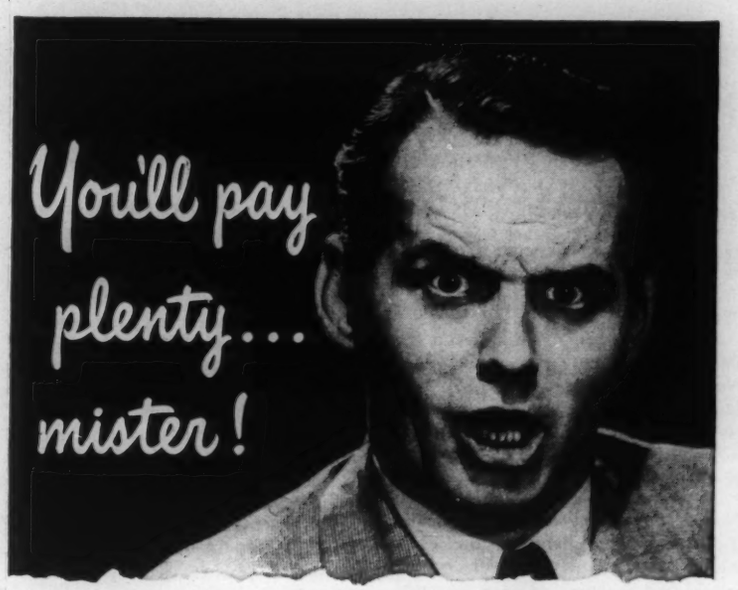
What do those two quoted excerpts from a Personal Property Floater application form mean?

They signify, first, that the insurance company is sold (and incidentally names its rates) on the doctrine of "80% insurance to value" and, secondly, that the policy holder will be forgiven if his statements are later shown to contain serious shortcomings. In short, the double-barrelled device is aimed at securing the equivalent of 80% co-insurance but contains an escape clause that has, in practice, rendered the aim very faulty.

To get people to place insurance to value under a PPF contract, the companies are evidently exploring co-insurance as a last, and (for Canada), drastic expedient. Should this come to pass, no one who has conscientiously provided an insurance company with values based on an up-to-date personal inventory is likely to find his position in any way changed.

Those who have minimized values of their chattels to ensure a premium bill of a size they feel like paying—a fairly numerous group that is responsible, so insurance companies say, for failure of the 'good faith' survey experiment — will find themselves behind the eight-ball. They will almost certainly be co-insurers in any claim they may have for partial loss.

G. L. PRATT



IN a flash . . . it happens! The broken step you meant to fix . . . Johnnie's toys left on the walk . . . a pet that suddenly goes berserk . . . countless other things, all *unintentional* but each a logical cause for serious injury.

Perhaps you have liability insurance . . . but has it been adjusted to meet the *increased awards* being allowed by the courts? Current cases prove that most people are *under-insured*. How about it? If you were sued . . . could you pay the hospital bills, doctor's bills, damages for pain and suffering . . . or loss of income? Remember, increased values and increased costs all contribute towards your *increased liability!*

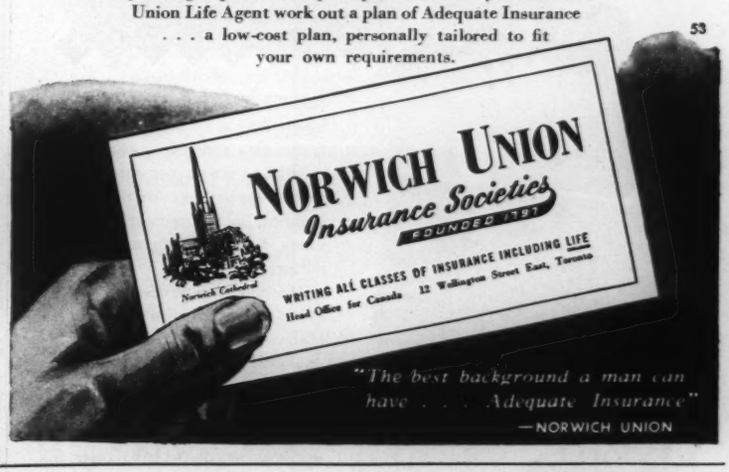
Make sure now . . . before anything happens on your property. For the best protection against any hazard capable of dissolving your estate . . . contact a Norwich Union Agent. He is specially trained and experienced in planning Adequate Insurance . . . for each owner's individual needs.

Ask him, without obligation, to work out a low-cost program of Adequate Insurance for your estate—including protection against Public Liability Claims.

In a Flash!

In a flash . . . it happens! An accident! One that separates you from your family . . . forever. Your children's education —the upkeep of your estate . . . your wife's opportunity to live comfortably—all become desperate problems. No man intentionally lets his family down! Nevertheless some do . . . by failing to provide adequate protection. Let your Norwich Union Life Agent work out a plan of Adequate Insurance . . . a low-cost plan, personally tailored to fit your own requirements.

53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Head Office for Canada 32 Wellington Street East, Toronto
"The best background a man can have . . . Adequate Insurance"
—NORWICH UNION

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of July, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of June, 1953.

Montreal,
May 27, 1953.

S. C. Scadding,
Secretary

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 46. Quarterly 50c. per share, payable June 30th, 1953 to holders of record at the close of business on June 5th, 1953.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 22nd, 1953.

Travel

Honeymoon Trip

WHAT ARE *the respective costs of a honeymoon trip, by air, to Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica? — B. C., Toronto.*

A seven-day trip from Toronto to Bermuda, including air travel, via New York, and six nights at the famous Castle Harbour Hotel, with room, breakfast and dinner, is $209.80, each of two persons. Rates at smaller hotels start from $161.80.

A seven-day trip from Toronto to Nassau, including air travel via Tampa and six nights at the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, with room, breakfast and dinner, is $274.40, each of two persons. Rates at smaller hotels range from $257.90.

A seven-day trip from Toronto to Jamaica, including six nights at First Class hotels with room, all meals, and sight seeing tours is $370.80.

Alaska Tour

I AM *making a holiday trip to Alaska this Summer. Is there any convenient inland tour? If so, how does it go and how much does it cost? What about hotels?—W.W., Vancouver.*

A popular Alaskan tour is the week-long trip to Mt. McKinley National Park. Leaving Fairbanks on Wednesday, the tour returns the following Tuesday. Transportation is by rail on modern streamlined trains; the fare is $11.25. The tour price, $150 per person, includes lodgings at Mt. McKinley, sightseeing and guides for mountain-climbing, gold panning, boating, hiking and fishing.

Alaska's hotels range in conveniences and cost from the most modern and comfortable ($10 a day) to the simple but clean log-cabin caches, huts built on stilts ($3 a day). The tourist should allow $7 to $10 a day for the hearty, well-cooked meals.

Pilgrimage

CAN YOU *tell me briefly of some of the more important religious observances at Ste. Anne de Beaupré this year?—T.P.C., Sudbury, Ont.*

Towards the end of July there will be a series of novenas climaxed by the Feast of Ste. Anne on July 26, at which His Eminence Cardinal Paul Léger of Montreal will celebrate a Pontifical Mass. On Sunday, August 23 there will be special services in connection with the annual pilgrimage of the sick from all over the continent. Each year thousands who pray before the statue of Ste. Anne, housed at the shrine, claim miraculous cures and leave their crutches, surgical braces and discarded spectacles on the walls of the place of worship.

Montreal Shrine

I WOULD *appreciate some brief information about the famous brother André's Shrine. I am planning a visit to Montreal and would like to see it.—J. O'H., Detroit, Mich.*

The shrine was officially named the Oratory of St. Joseph, after Canada's patron saint, but it is far better known by the name of its founder, Brother André, who built a little chapel in the woods, in 1904, for his own personal prayers to St. Joseph. Brother André was janitor of the Notre Dame College cross the street. Students began to pray with him on the mountain, and friends joined them. Over the years the group which knelt down with Brother André became a throng, and with their contributions the present large Oratory was built, along with a monastery, the whole surmounted by a vast dome that is a landmark.

This year, as in the past, there will be special novena services coinciding with the birthday anniversary of Brother André on August 9.

A Real Change

WE ONLY *have a few days but want a real change, including rest, relaxation and fun.—J. A. S., Hamilton.*

Nothing quite like a cruise. Canada Steamship Lines' de luxe *Richelieu* goes on one-week cruises from Montreal to Saguenay; all expenses from $135, up.

Canadian Pacific's Great Lakes five-day cruise from Port McNicoll to Sault Ste Marie and Fort William is $80, up.

The Owen Sound Transportation Company has a five-day cruise from Owen Sound to Sault Ste Marie via Manitoulin Island ports at $65.

Mexico City

WOULD YOU *recommend visiting Mexico City during the summer months, and what is the cost of two weeks' conducted tour?—S.S., Windsor, Ont.*

Mexico City, due to its high altitude, has a delightful climate the year round. The cost of a 13-day conducted tour in Mexico, visiting many places of outstanding interest, including air fare from Toronto, is $487.60. Be sure to ask your travel agent for passport details, etc. They are quite simple but very important.

"Go-Anywhere" Travel

I AM *considering a tour of Italy this year. Can you give me any advice as to the best method of planning a trip by rail and something about costs?—J. de P., Montreal.*

The Italian State Railways recently inaugurated a "go-anywhere" ticket enabling the traveler to journey anywhere on the network of the railways, stopping anywhere and resuming the trip on any other train, without any further formalities or extra charges. The "go-anywhere" ticket is designed especially for the convenience of travelers from abroad; it cannot be purchased in Italy. Buy it before you leave, paying in dollars, through your travel agent or from CIT Travel Service, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York.

The "go-anywhere" tickets are reasonable in cost, and are valid for ten or twenty days, with renewals possible up to twice the original valid period for a small additional charge. They are available for first, second or third class travel. A ten-day ticket is $38.40 first class, $25.60 second class, and $16.00 third class; a twenty-day ticket costs $57.60 first class, $38.40 second class, and $24.00 third class. There is no extra charge for traveling on *rapido* trains.

Two Months in Europe

WHAT PLACES *could we comfortably visit in Europe in a period of about two months' duration, and what would be the cost of an escorted tour with first class hotel accommodations throughout, and trans-Atlantic crossings in a de luxe express liner—H. F. F., Winnipeg.*

In 55 days, you can visit Paris, the French and Italian Riviera, Rome, Naples, Capri, Sorrento, Florence, Venice, Italian Lakes, Swiss resorts, Rhine voyage, Cologne, Brussels, The Hague, Amsterdam, London and Shakespeare's country at a cost of $2086.

European Trade Fairs

I ENJOYED *my visit to the Canadian International Trade Fair at Toronto very much. I am spending quite a bit of time in Europe later this year and I wonder if you could give me the dates of some of the leading Trade Fairs there?—C. T., London, Ont.*

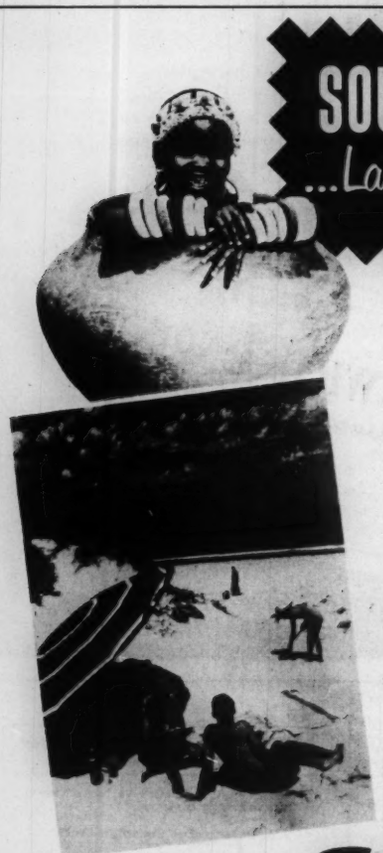
Some of the more important European Trade Fairs for 1953 are:

Luxemburg, July 11-26; Stockholm, Aug. 22 - Sept. 6; Leipzig, Aug. 30 - Sept. 9; Utrecht, Sept. 1 - 10; Strasbourg, Sept. 5 - 20; Bari, Sept. 5 - 23; Frankfurt, Sept. 6 - 10; Vienna, Sept. 6 - 13; Cologne, Sept. 6 - 15; Salonica, 6 - 27; Ghent, Sept. 12 - 27; Marseilles, Sept. 12 - 28.

Touring Britain

WHAT IS *the best method of touring the United Kingdom?—H. F., Vancouver.*

Thos. Cook & Son have a wide range of all expense motor coach tours available from London. A week's tour of Devon and Cornwall, covering all expenses, costs only $78. The 13-day tour of the English Lakes, Highlands of Scotland, and Cathedral towns, costs $144. There are other motor coach tours of shorter duration from $14 up. You can travel by private car and chauffeur with a daily allowance of 70 miles at the rate of $19.25 upwards, depending on the make and size of car. Drive Yourself Cars are available in many makes and sizes, and range from $33.60 up per week, allowing a 70-mile per day average driving range.



SOUTH AFRICA
...Land of Contrast!

ADVENTURE awaits you in South Africa—a land rich in fascinating contrast.... native kraals and skyscraper cities... surf-swept beaches and towering mountains... teeming wild game and booming modern industry.

Wherever you've been, whatever you've seen, you will still find your South African holiday completely different and exciting. You may explore the world's richest diamond mine, "capture" rhino in your camera, witness ancient tribal ceremonies, dine in a sophisticated setting. One thing you can be sure of—*you'll never forget South Africa, land of the year-round sun!*

Write to SATOUR for information and literature, then see your Travel Agent who will plan the details of your trip.

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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
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SATOUR

Women

Rawlings

CANADIAN cosmetician Elizabeth Arden (Page 40).

Conversation Pieces:

INTELLECTUAL wives are too repressed, according to Dr. Mary Macaulay, British marriage expert. Simple girls let off steam and scream if they feel like it — natural behavior that makes marriage "percolate". The Doctor is married—to a doctor—and has two grown sons.

The week of June 15 appears to be Convention Week for women's organizations. In Winnipeg, the 60th anniversary of the National Council of Women of Canada will be celebrated, under the presidency of Mrs. A. Turner Bone, of Montreal. In Quebec City, the 60th anniversary of the YWCA as a National Council will be observed. Present will be the World YWCA President, Lilas Barnes, of Chicago, and first Vice-President of the French YWCA, Madeleine Barot. Presiding will be the Canadian National President, Mrs. J. L. Savage, OBE, of Toronto.

Helen Eckert, an Edmonton school teacher, has been awarded a $3,400 bursary by the Federal Department of Health, for post-graduate training in physical education.

In music circles: after 15 years as head of the Ottawa Music Club, Mrs. E. M. Harvey recently resigned; the new President is Mary Black. At the annual meeting of the Women's Committee of the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra, Mrs. E. G. Gowling was elected President; and it was reported that Conductor Eugene Kash had, in seven seasons, "introduced some 23,000 children" to concert music. In Saint John, NB, Mrs. R. J. Collins was re-elected President of the Saint John Symphony Orchestra Association; she reported that 1,300 school students heard Dr. Kelsey Jones's first children's concert.

Canadian writers in Quebec are combining work with pleasure this week, at the first Laurentian Writers' Conference.

Senators Cairine Wilson and Iva Fallis have feminine company in the Senate. Recent appointments include Mrs. Marianna Jodoin, MBE, of Montreal, and Mrs. Muriel McQueen Fergusson, of Fredericton. Mme. Jodoin is Vice-President of the National Federation of Liberal Women of Canada and is active in charitable and religious organizations. Mrs. Fergusson is the Regional Welfare Administrator of New Brunswick's Department of National Health and Welfare, is a member of Fredericton's city council and belongs to the Business and Professional Women's Club, the IODE and the National Council of Women; a graduate lawyer, she is Regent of her Alma Mater, Mount Allison University.

We happened to pick up *We Lead a Double Life* (Lippincott) by twins Ruth and Helen Hoffman. In it, this food item caught our attention: "With some of our garden vegetables we did surprising things. For breakfast or for dessert, we cut up ripe tomatoes, sprinkled them with plenty of sugar and covered them with heavy cream—a heavenly dish with its subtle and unexpected combination of flavors."

Melody Fair, Toronto's musical summer fare, opens next week with *Call Me Madam*. Gene Raymond will be the suave Prime Minister of Lichtenburg. His wife, singer Jeannette MacDonald, is expected to accompany him to Toronto. Also opening June 15 is Montreal's Mountain Playhouse, run by Norma Springford and Bruce Raymond—no relation to Gene. Bruce is a Montrealer.

Newest woman mayor is Mrs. Gordon Gibbons, who went in by acclamation in the 500-person village of Portage du Fort, north of Ottawa. She and her husband run the general store. The Secretary-Treasurer is a woman, too, Mrs. Cecilia Burns. And two of the three new council members are women, Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron and her niece, Mildred Cameron.

JOAN RIGBY

104

104 BLOOR ST. WEST

Dresses Suits Coats
Accessories

Bridal Department, KI. 9549
Accessory Department, MI. 7636
Store, MI. 4969

Sunset Hotel
Goderich, Ontario

Season — June 27 until September 8

- Relax or play in cool comfort
- Brick construction
- Central heating
- Enjoy the tempting cuisine
- Recommended by Duncan Hines

Weekly rates including meals, from $53.00 single; $47.50 to $65.00 each (double). Literature on request. For choice of accommodation, make your reservation now.

Only 45 miles from the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

AAA

OVERLOOKING LAKE HURON

SEA LEGS

Bracing salt air off the broad Atlantic puts new spring into your gait. You feel fit—ready to enjoy every minute of your stay in Atlantic City. There's diversion aplenty in and close by Hotel Dennis, where we'll do everything to make you feel at home. A great family hotel, with moderate rates.

Hotel DENNIS
Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY
Write or telephone for reservations.

Canadian Families in Germany

SOS A FRIEND wrote from Canada recently, "Are the rumors true, that service personnel in Europe are living like royalty?" By the very next mail came a letter from another person: "Are the conditions pretty grim? Do let us know what things you need most so that we can send them to you." The following is an answer to those questions.

The pillboxes that were a part of the mighty Siegfried Line are ungainly masses of mortar and twisted metal against the smooth line of ploughed fields and immaculate orchards; but in the years since the end of the war, Nature has woven a merciful growth of green creeper over the jagged ruins, and white thorn bushes have spread until they all but hide the dark caves in the earth. At the top of a hill near Zweibrucken, in the centre of that Line, stand the spacious new buildings of Number Three Fighter Wing, Royal Canadian Air Force—the first West German air base for jet fighters under the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Since January, there has been a systematic influx of Air Force personnel from Canada, until now the station's strength is at almost a thousand. Only a small percentage of the men have their wives and children with them in Germany. There are two significant reasons. One is the fact that Canada maintains a policy of Men Only; from the highest-ranking officer to the lowliest airman, the trans-Atlantic fare for his wife and children must come out of his own pocket, and housing for them in Germany must be his own responsibility. The other is the often-heard: "I didn't bring my wife and family with me, because I didn't know what we might find in the way of living conditions. But as soon as I locate a couple of rooms in town, I'll tell her to sell the car and buy a boat ticket!"

ZWEIBRUCKEN, three miles from the Air Base, is Our Town. Close to the Saar border, it suffered heavy bombing during the final months of the war. Many of the public buildings and the places of business have been rebuilt, but there are still entire sections of the town that are a mass of rubble and ruin. Even without an influx of residents from other countries, Zweibrucken would have its housing problems. Most of the large houses were requisitioned several years ago by the occupation forces. So, no matter how large his family, the NATO house-hunter resolutely obliterates all memory of a Canadian home with its two or three bedrooms.

The normal arrangement is living room, bedroom, and share the bathroom and kitchen with the German family from whom you rent. In most instances, the extreme cleanliness of the German housewife, and the goodwill with which the Canadians are being received here, make this latter condition less trying than one might suppose. It has the advantage of forcing us to learn to speak German much more speedily than we would if we were living in self-contained homes.

During those first weeks, our utter ignorance of the German language made of the simplest shopping trip a major enterprise. We set out in twos or threes, armed with dictionaries as well as with shopping lists. It was a long, slow process, but it never lacked interest and humor.

Any doubts we may have held about the food situation were dispelled at once. With the exception of brown sugar, which the Germans don't seem to use at all, we have found few shortages. Coffee, tea, cocoa, canned fruits and vegetables are very expensive in German stores; but prices of the basic foods are either comparable with or lower than the prices in Canada. Fresh vegetables and local fruits are very cheap. Twenty-five cents will buy two medium-sized cauliflower, or four pounds of fresh spinach, or two pounds of April's early rhubarb.

The market-square in the centre of town, on a Saturday morning, is any housewife's delight. Beneath huge colored umbrellas are large wicker baskets of lettuce and endive, cress and parsley, crisp carrots, apples all polished for market-day, tiny white onions, firm red cabbages.

We choose our spices at the little booth set under a red umbrella near the street corner. Chili, marjoram, curry, caraway: as we name each one, the man fills a little tin cup with the spice and tosses it into an inadequate paper bag shaped like an ice-cream cone. The trick is to get home and safely into the kitchen without leaving a trail of paprika or fragrant nutmeg. The fish and meat shops are spotlessly clean, and well-stocked. And every *backerei* has a dazzling array of tortes and pastries and cakes, as well as delicious French and German breads, caraway and poppy-seed rolls.

Refrigeration is almost non-existent; so we shop each day, and store the perishables on the window sill farthest from the sun. Laundry facilities are a problem for many; but we have found German women who will do our laundry each week, with their own. The results are satisfactory and the cost is very reasonable.

Entertainment is the major problem. There are so many places to go, so many things to see—and only seven days in even the longest week! A forenoon, an afternoon, is all too short, when one is walking through town by way of the river bank and the Rose Gartens, or window shopping along the main streets, or exploring the out-of-the-way shops with their exquisite cut-glass and delicate china. There are miles of surrounding countryside to visit—beautiful country, of brooks and leaning willows, flowering valleys and high pine groves.

We have our favorite Gasthofs, where there is good humor and excellent food and drink. Just over the hill is our "country Gasthof", where the noodles and wine sauce taste better each time, the fish is accompanied by a bowlful of browned potatoes, and the total *rechnung* for three persons is approximately two dollars. And there is our "filet Gasthof", where the thick juicy steak, with a crisp salad and a tumblerful of red wine, is paid for with the equivalent of one Canadian dollar.

Federal Newsphoto

RCAF FAMILIES at Zweibrucken airfield, Germany: (l to r) Mrs. R. E. Smith, Saint John, N. B.; Mrs. F. E. Cooper, Leduc, Alta.; Mrs. R. M. Rowatt, Saskatoon, Sask.; Mrs. C. W. Gaffre, Winnipeg, and Larry Cooper.

On week-ends and on special leaves there are the excursions farther afield: to the Black Forest, Garmisch, Heidelberg, with its terraced hillsides, towers and castle, the Hartz Mountains, Bonn, Cologne, Salsburg, Lucerne, Florence. Our wall map takes on at least one inked circle each day—another place to see.

We aren't living like royalty, but we are not in need of food parcels from friends in Canada, either. It's not all sunlight and flowers, but it is an experience I wouldn't miss for the world!

BLANCHE POWNALL GARRETT

Food

SOME 3,500 chickens are growing in Nova Scotia blissfully unaware of their part in the province's biggest annual July 1 celebration—a mammoth chicken barbecue in Truro.

About 6,000 people will pour into the little town (pop. 10,272) to join in folk dancing, listen to the Navy band imported from Halifax, enjoy the fun on the midway — and eat chicken, 3½ tons, dipped in sauce and barbecued over charcoal-filled pits.

Busy with all the preparations is 41-year-old, Charlottetown-born Nadine Archibald, who has the dual distinction of being the full-time secretary of the 8,000-member NS Federation of Agriculture and the only woman in Canada who is a provincial secretary. From the small farm on Bible Hill, where she lives with her parents, Mrs. Archibald can look over into the grounds of the Agricultural College where the chicken-lovers will assemble.

"The chickens are ordered even before the eggs are laid," she says. "The eggs are planted in incubators so that the chickens will be about 12-13 weeks old, or the required barbecue weight of 2½ to 3 lbs., by July 1."

A deep pit is lined with new concrete bricks and charcoal so that the halved chickens, 2,000 at a time, can be placed on the wire mesh above. Here is the recipe for the Truro barbecue sauce in which each halved chicken is dipped before cooking:

For 4 to 5 portions, cook 2 tblsp. butter, onion juice, ½ cup of catsup, ½ to 1 cup of white wine vinegar, 1 tsp. white sugar, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, other spices to taste, salt and pepper. Keep sauce hot and stir frequently during barbecuing. Turn and brush the chicken every four or five minutes with the sauce. Use pastry brushes to which handles have been attached. Takes 35 to 45 minutes to barbecue a 2¾ lb. halved chicken.

• •

Wordly Wise?

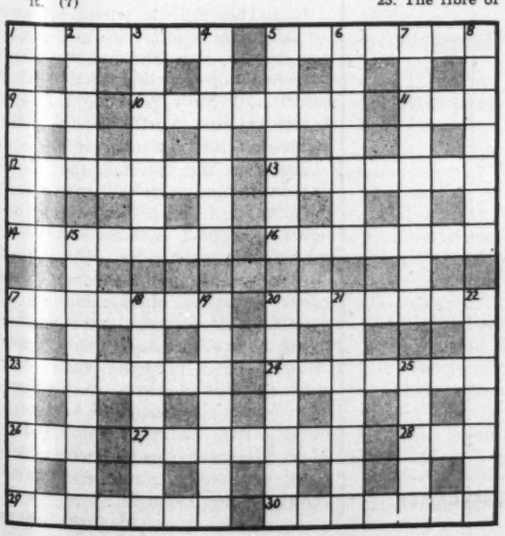
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Act odiously. (7)
5. How the dog met its end? (7)
9. Every woman is bound to get one in the end! (3)
10. Now it's Malenkov! (7)
11. Is its maker punishable? (3)
12. Is this bird wormier than others? (7)
13. It could give you a real nip. (7)
14. Maple leaf, thistle and rose. (7)
16. He might put the U.S.S.R. in a false position. (7)
17. Did the bird get her advice for a span? (7)
20. In a book of modern verse, one of these should sit well up in front. (7)
23. Built by a cross piece-worker? (7)
24. Prepared willingly? (7)
26. One nail you can't hit on the head. (3)
27. It might mean pop over with the fruit. (7)
28. As it has no common measure but unity, it is of prime importance to a marriage. (3)
29. Cannonballs? (3, 4)
30. Teach me to cut up sugar cane with it. (7)

DOWN

1. This M.C. will 1 across soundly with 1 across. (7)
2. Ruined Roman estate? (5)
3. Sung by a top-flight soloist? (7)
4. Ed suffers patiently when nurse is with him. (7)
5. If things are so, then buy the dozen! (7)
6. They come to grips with their station in life, as it were. (7)
7. I filmed pa larger than life. (9)
8. It can be dark yet light. (7)
15. Though it offers a meal, there's evidently no scramble for it. (6, 3)
17. Eureka! A suitable emblem for "Saturday Night"! (4, 3)
18. For him, life and death were but a stone's-throw apart. (7)
19. What he drinks is so different from tot's sop. (7)
20. We should, if we heed the soothsayer's warning. (7)
21. Example set by Virgil and Homer? (7)
22. An opening for a secret agent? (7)
25. The fibre of Whistler's art? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Clapboard
6. 21. Landladies
10. Riata
11. See 21
12. Flodden
13. Inexact
14. Weaned
15. Gopher
16. Red hot
19. Enlace
23. Account
24. Pyjamas
25. In the know
26. Ideal
27. Soda
28. Carpenter

DOWN

1. Carafe
2. A la mode
3. Boarding houses
4. Aligned
5. Downing
7. Animate
8. Digits
9. Pineapple juice
17. Excited
18. Titanic
19. Empower
20. Comment
21. 11. Ladies-in-waiting
22. Ashlar (265)

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Beauty

CANADA has produced at least one top-bracket personality in most fields of feminine endeavor: Mary Pickford, Bea Lillie, Mazo de la Roche, Betty Jean Hagen, Barbara Ann Scott, Lois Marshall — and Elizabeth Arden.

Elizabeth Arden is Canada's only "bigtime" contribution to the cosmetic industry. And in addition to being a leading beautician, she is a fashion designer of note and the owner of a large racing stable.

From helping women to facial and figure beauty, it was a natural step for her to want to help them dress well. As the person to create perfumed immortality for Kentucky's "Blue Grass", it seems more than coincidental that she should have become interested in racing and that her horse, Jet Pilot, should have won the 1947 Kentucky Derby.

Elizabeth Arden became Elizabeth Arden in a very literary manner—from a book she was reading, *Elizabeth in Her German Garden*, and from a poem, *Enoch Arden*. Her real surname was Graham. She comes from English stock on her mother's side, and from Scottish on her father's. And when she was born in Toronto, she was christened Florence Nightingale.

There almost was no Elizabeth Arden. She started to train to be a nurse. What young girl could have resisted the pull of her name? But she found it wasn't what she wanted from life. She decided to try her luck in New York.

Luck turned up in an advertisement for a partner in a cosmetic venture. Miss Graham of Toronto answered it. The cosmetic business had not expanded, then. There were important salons, of course. Helena Rubenstein had opened her Mayfair, London, salon in 1906; her New York one in 1914. But the average housewife and business girl took it for granted that a person was born with a good or a poor complexion, in spite of all the family rosewater recipes and cucumber lotions.

Not so Miss Graham. She thought something could be done. She borrowed money and was in the beauty business.

In six months she repaid her loan — with 6% interest — and struck out on her own. She became Elizabeth Arden, with a tiny salon on 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. This was before the first World War. Now her salons are all over the world.

Just over five feet tall, fair haired and with cornflower blue eyes, Elizabeth Arden is an executive who believes in keeping in direct touch with all her enterprises.

Miss Arden has a permanent penthouse home in Manhattan. She is very fond of feathers and a feather motif covers the foyer walls there. She also has a rambling white house with camellia gardens, in Summerville, South Carolina, and a summer home at Mt. Vernon, in Maine. Her Main Chance Farms in Phoenix, Arizona, are really a rest and beauty centre for her clientele.

MARGARET NESS

Lighter Side

Movable Holidays

A FEW WEEKS AGO an editorial appeared in the morning paper deploring the new fashion of shifting traditional holiday dates to include the long week-end. The advantages gained in the shuffle, the writer pointed out, were more than offset by a loss in the national sense of historicity. Moreover, the advantages themselves were overrated, when one considered the traffic toll at the end of the holiday. The celebrant was lucky if he got off with an impaired historical sense. He might easily end up with a wrecked car and broken neck.

The specific change that had upset the editorial writer was the shifting of the 24th of May, a Sunday, to the 18th of May, a Monday. The 24th of May meant something to the historically-minded. The 18th of May meant nothing whatever.

The problem, then, is how to keep the memory of the great Victoria bright and burnished in the mind of a six-year-old who is itching to get out and light fire-crackers.

It wasn't a problem two generations ago. On any 24th in the late Nineties, the parents of a small boy had only to take him down and show him the statue of Victoria in the park—erect, Empire-scanning, a stone crown on her head and carved jewels on her stony bosom. She was Victoria Immanent and Victoria Transcendent, and the awe the parents felt before her effigy could easily have transferred itself, even to a small boy with ten cents for fire-works burning a hole in his pants pocket.

The little boy is a grandfather now, however, and time, with considerable help from Lytton Strachey, has diminished to a certain extent the impressiveness of Queen Victoria. Even the sale of fireworks has fallen off, and one is no longer wakened early in the morning of the Twenty-Fourth by the popping of crackers on the front sidewalk.

For our family, the 24th of May, whatever day it happens to fall on, is the day for opening the summer cottage.

It usually rains. We wait till about eleven o'clock, when the rain has turned to a light drizzle. Then we start out, and by the time we reach the cottage the drizzle has usually turned again to a downpour. We drag the boats out of the living room, search for signs of mice and try to decide what to do about the robin who has built a nest over the fuse-box on the back-porch. We take down shutters and put up screens, the rain dripping from the eavestroughs. We reassemble the pump and prime it from the lake. (Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.) We eat a cold picnic lunch before a smoking fire.

We leave at four o'clock to escape the holiday rush, and usually discover by the time we reach the main highway that every other celebrant has had the same idea. So we crawl cityward, with the belated May sunshine streaming through the window and only one thought in our heads: Thank God the 24th of May is over for another year!

There could hardly be a more depressing way to celebrate a holiday. We would be far more comfortable sitting at home, thinking long thoughts of Empire, turning over the pages of Queen Victoria's only printed work, *Leaves from a Journal of Life in the Highlands*, and then going out at dusk to let off fire-works in her honor. The ritual has changed, however, and there is very little an editorial writer can do to restore the tradition. For thousands of non-historically minded Canadians the 24th of May means simply the beginning of the summer season—the opening of cottages, the visit to the race track, the planting of seeds in open ground. This would probably be a source of grief to the great Queen, but it should be some consolation to her august shade to know that in Canadian minds she is now firmly established as a sign of the changing season, and almost as immutable as the vernal equinox.

THE editorial writer, clearly a born worrier, was also a good deal stirred up at the thought of a profitable shift in the date of the coming Dominion (or Canada) Day.

This year the first of July falls on a Wednesday, which makes it practically a challenge to official holiday setters. A holiday celebrated traditionally on the First of July would encourage Canadians to stay quietly at home, reflecting on the Statute of Westminster and listening to radio speakers extolling the breadth and glory of their country. On the other hand, a Dominion (or Canada) Day, celebrated on June 29 would enable them to get out of the city over the long weekend and enjoy the breadth and glory of the country for themselves, taking their chance on piling up their bones on some unguarded cross-road in the home-rush. The holiday-makers resisted temptation, however, and the celebration will be kept to July 1 for this year anyway.

Labor Day fortunately offers no problem, since it always occurs on a Monday, and has no deep historical significance. Christmas Day in 1953 takes place on a Friday, allowing celebrants a full week-end to travel back and forth and recuperate.

In 1954 and 1955, however, Christmas Day will occur on Saturday and Sunday. It will be interesting to see how our editorial writer will react if the official holiday-setters begin monkeying with the 25th of December. Convulsively, I expect.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Straphangers and Subways

TORONTO took the news in its stride that its new subway is to cost some $58 million—nearly $22 million more than the original estimate. New York's subway, after more than 40 years, is not paid for yet; it runs at a constant deficit. The politically sacred nickel fare was thrown out the window, doubled, and still the deficit mounted. Now the talk is for a 15-cent fare or even a quarter fare.

The anatomy of a subway like New York's is worthy of study by a city like Toronto, which is growing in its way just as rapidly as New York did.

If you've ever ridden in the Manhattan subways during a rush hour, you know what it is to endure involuntary reducing. The cars are not merely jammed; they bulge with riders, so that the least comfortable place is a seat, where you always have some straphanger's newspaper under your hat brim or his knees in your lap. Your co-passengers are crammed so close that when you take out your kerchief you find yourself blowing the other fellow's nose.

I recall a Montreal friend of mine being scandalized by the harsh technique of subway guards, pushing men and women in with their two hands and sometimes adding their knees. Older women are respected; perhaps they get their jostling on Mother's Day.

During the last war, conditions in the New York subways were so unsanitary that one military area commander actually issued an order putting them out of bounds for servicemen. Whereupon Mayor Bill O'Dwyer declared irately that nobody could find a cockroach in the subways. Of course not: a cockroach could crawl faster to where he wanted to go.

The management and employees of the subways are not to blame for the rush-hour purgatory of subway riding. A Soviet delegate to the United Nations could brag invidiously that the Moscow subway commissars would never tolerate the New York pandemonium. Moscow doesn't have to. Moscow is a spread-out city, as are London and Paris, where the tube and the Metro are relatively clean. New York's subway is a bottleneck trying to swallow an avalanche.

The London and Paris subways have always graded their fares to the ride since the days of the "Twopenny Tube", which was so gassy and grimy that it wasn't so much a trip as an anaesthetic. In New York, it was actually possible until 1948 to travel 32 miles of subway for a nickel. The theory that the number of passengers riding 32 blocks for a nickel would compensate for those getting the 32-mile ride, didn't work out. And the system wasn't helped by gay financing in the early days before the city took it over. There was plenty of water in the fiscal structure. The rapid transit system became rapid transit to bankruptcy and for years was managed by a receiver.

Subsidiary income from car cards, station hoardings, vending machines that provide everything from shoe shines to soft drinks, and check-lockers is substantial, but the New York subway has always been a financial rat-hole.

Still, for its stampeding crowds in the narrow arteries of New York, operation is secure, largely through the automatic block system. Sometimes passenger load reaches two millions a day; yet in four years there has been but one bad accident, in which some two score were killed. Contrast that with the open-air and highly touted Long Island Railroad feeding suburbia. There's a medal waiting for the man strong enough to open a coach window on that road, and accidents have been frequent, for a model electric carrier.

The New York subway system, strangely, has much elevated trackage—distinct from the ancient "Els" which so bunkered motor traffic that, like the street railways, they were abolished. One, the Sixth Avenue "El", went largely to Japan as scrap, to be returned in the war as enemy shell cases.

As a bomb shelter, the New York network of subways is too shallow for protection. Of course, that is as yet untested; but the trains almost everywhere can be seen through street gratings. Indeed, there's the interesting occupation of subway fishing; the anglers squat on the gratings and drop lines baited with gum to salvage coins and other treasure lost on the tracks. As a utility, the subway has various uses; idlers live in its cars and in its underground man-slots, pick-pockets seem to have unbreakable leases, and thrifty folk save moving expenses, even using it to transport dismantled pianos.

TORONTO may find a solution to big city congestion in the subway; New York, with the largest yet devised, has not. The truth is that for New York's vertical society there is no traffic solution, unless the ten-car subway trains, as well as the passengers in them, are made of rubber.

Toronto has a better field for subway operation. Its surrounding space is more easily penetrated. But even with cities of Toronto's size and ready expansibility, the increase in traffic outstrips invention of means to handle it properly. There may come a day for all metropolitan anthills when helicopters or autocopters and postage-stamp roof-landings will solve the progressive puzzle. By that time, the next generation will have to worry about it.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

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The Backward Glance

One Year Ago This Week in Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT bore on its cover of June 14, 1952, a photograph of a yellow-headed blackbird feeding its young. And under the heading "Concerning Food" there was an article by Margaret Ecker Francis about a Vancouver restaurant called the Ferguson Point Tea House. The first 118 lines of the article hardly mention food at all, but towards the end we finally find out what sort of food is served there—which happens to be strange forage to serve in a tea house: Hungarian goulash, roulades and chicken liver risotto. The mother yellow-headed blackbird came to the point much more quickly even if she only served such ornithological tit-bits as worms and bugs.

Michael Barkway, then Ottawa Correspondent, discussed the likelihood of a General Election, and said, "St. Laurent, for this and other reasons, may decide on an election this fall (1952). If he leaves it till 1953 it would have to be early in the year before the Coronation, or else it would have to wait till the Fall of '53." That's pin-point prognosticating, Barkway.

B. K. Sandwell wrote about Understanding the Doukhobors, in his usual lucid style, but after reading the article we understand them about as much as we ever did, which is hardly at all. Mr. Sandwell did bring up some interesting points, however: that their leader is a powerful creature; that they have recourse to a highly personal way of thinking (so do we); that by burning their houses they are expressing destructive feelings; and that by removing their clothes they make other people uncomfortable and angry. Mr. Sandwell also gave a learned discourse on the sexual significance of nude parading, which startled us a little. Not that we're against discussing sex, but finding it in past copies of SATURDAY NIGHT is a bit like finding it in the Anglican Hymnal.

Basil Dean explained something about the Calgary Stock Exchange, R. A. Farquharson told a story called "When Sir Adam Beck Tried To Be Premier," Louis M. Lyons answered the question, "What Makes A Newspaper?", Robert Francis (the Boswell for everyone of note on the West Coast), wrote about Vancouver's mayor, Fred Hume, and Willson Woodside discussed the POW riots on Koje Island.

The London Letter revealed (there's a good journalist's word), that the British Government, in a proposed new 10-year Charter to the BBC, advocated sponsored and competitive television broadcasting. The snow on the screen, however, was that this was to come about "only when the general economic position has sufficiently improved, and when the BBC has completed its own plans for covering the country." It seems to us that we've heard the echo of that statement from somewhere closer to home recently.

Michael Young wrote about The Smiling Banker under the column heading, Streamlining Business. He compared the friendly atmosphere of today's banks, with their lady tellers and lack of iron grills, to the old-style fortresses of fifty years ago. More than half of our banks' employees are now women, and the number of deposit accounts with Canadian banks equals the adult population of the country. About one million cheques are handled daily by Canadian banks, and total deposits have increased more than 24 times since 1900. No wonder the bankers are smiling—although personally we have never seen one even smirk, except when he refused us a loan.

Mary Lowrey Ross reviewed the movies *Cry The Beloved Country* and *My Son John*. She gave much-deserved kudos to *Beloved Country* and greatly deserved boos to *My Son John*. Come to think of it, *My Son John* was one of the phoniest pictures we ever saw; not one of the worst, but the phoniest. The *worst* picture we ever sat through was *Kismet*, starring De Wolfe Hopper, in the days when we attended our neighborhood movie house for 16c admission. Which reminds us, fleetingly, of the goofiest dame we ever heard on radio, Edna De Wolf Hopper, who used to claim she was seventy, and looked like a girl of eighteen. During the Depression, when there was nothing else to do, we used to tune her in for laughs. She'd had her face lifted so often (we once saw her picture) that her eyebrows formed a widow's peak, and her voice sounded like a lawn-mower trimming a cinder path.

The Book section had eight reviews: *Panzer Leader* by Heinz Guderian, *My India* by Jim Corbett, *This Is Alberta* by Ken E. Liddell, *Down All Your Streets* by Leonard Bishop, *Flee The Angry Strangers* by George Mandel, *The Law of Larion* by Peter Freuchen, *Trinity* 1852-1952, and *Forty Odd* by Mary Bard. Strangely enough, or perhaps not too strangely at that for one of our literary tastes, we failed to read any of these. Of the eight, we would most like to read *Down All Your Streets* and *Flee The Angry Strangers*, two fictional treatments of drug-addiction. Nowadays, we have been waiting for novels to come in paper covers before buying them, a habit not likely to endear us to novelists, who like to get their ten per cent.

SATURDAY NIGHT a year ago had several of those bits of journalistic effervescence known in some quarters as "personality pieces." Most of them seemed to emanate from the West Coast, which is an area that is filled, apparently, with characters. The particular subject chosen for this issue (along with Vancouver's mayor) was Archie McKinnon, a swimming coach, chosen to coach Canadian swimmers at last year's Olympics.

The first quote of Archie's would have stopped our perusal of the piece if duty hadn't forced us to read on. Here it is: "Kids are given to hero worship. They recognize a body when they don't recognize a mind. That's why we need big men and clean living fellas — Christian athletes." We've always been a little wary of people who go around calling everybody "fellas," and we hope Archie was misquoted there.

Under Ports Of Call we find a verbal travelogue on the Grand Scenic Circuit, which is a more-or-less circular jaunt from Vancouver, up the Fraser Canyon, down the Okanagan Valley, and back to the Coast via the Southern Trans-Provincial Highway. Having made most of the trip during our youth by means of CPR side-door pullman, we can suffer along with the present-day traveller. Many familiar names crop up to hit us between the short ribs: Port Coquitlam (where the CPR yard bull, circa 1931, had a vicious hobo-hating dog), Mission, Boston Bar, and Spence's Bridge.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	24
BUSINESS	29
FILMS	20
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	18
IF MEMORY SERVES	27
LETTER FROM MONTREAL	11
LETTERS	5
LIGHTER SIDE	41
OTTAWA LETTER	16
PASSING SHOW	13
SOCIAL SCENE	9
TRAVEL	36
WOMEN	37

SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

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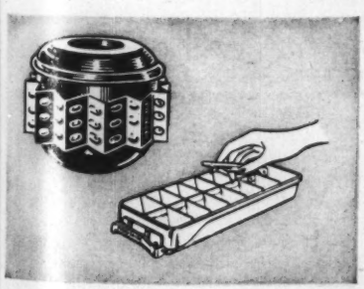
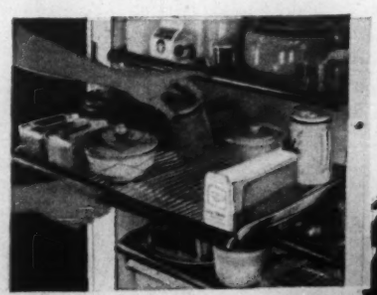


Meter-Miser mechanism—simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Dependable, economical. Produces oceans of cold on a trickle of current.

Quickube Ice Trays—come loose at the touch of a finger. Cubes pop out, two or a trayful, with the lifting of a single, built-in lever.



Roll-to-You Shelves—a new idea in convenience. Rust-proof aluminum shelves glide out all the way—put every bit of food within easy reach. Fresh food storage space galore—even shelves on the door! Generous Hydrator space, too. And everything protected by the simplest cold-making mechanism ever built—the famous Meter-Miser.

Cycla-matic Model DS-106

See your Frigidaire Dealer now! See the Cycla-matic Frigidaire and all the other new Master and Standard models. Look for your Dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of the phone book — or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario, for free folder.

Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Built and backed by General Motors

Give

GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

... the bride's most treasured gifts!

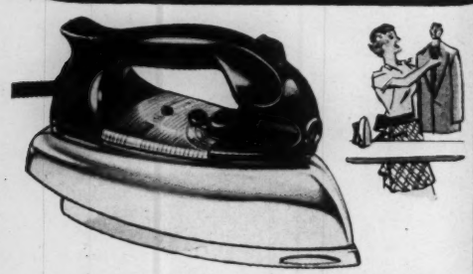
There's no finer way to start the lovely bride on a lifetime of happiness than with the gift of wonderful General Electric Appliances.

These electrical servants will make the new experience of keeping house a pleasure instead of a chore—and they'll serve her faithfully for years.

Your neighbourhood dealer has the perfect gift for every bride, to make her life happier, easier, more comfortable.

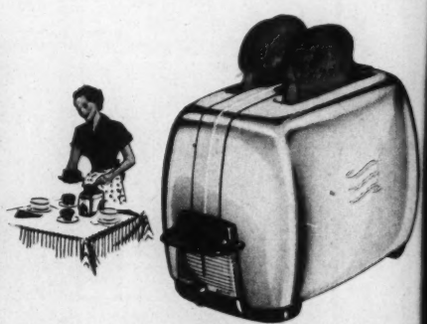
Small Appliance Dept., Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., Toronto.

For young homemakers, this Floor Polisher is the supremely suitable gift. Saves hours of work . . . makes floors gleam. $64.50.

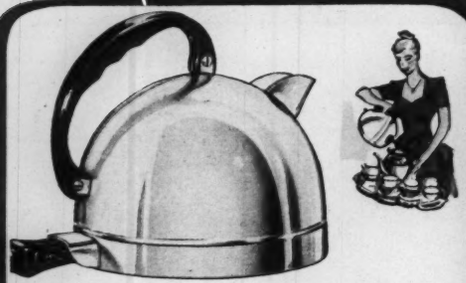


A wonderful Steam Iron that irons dry or with steam—a reminder of your thoughtfulness through the years. $24.50.

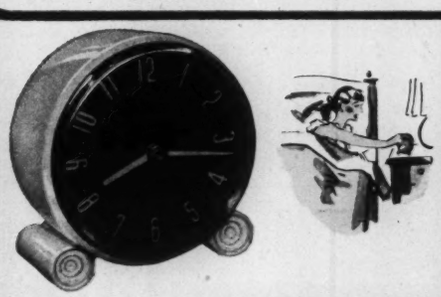
Swivel-top Vacuum Cleaner, a wedding gift that lets her clean the entire living room without once moving the cleaner. $129.50.



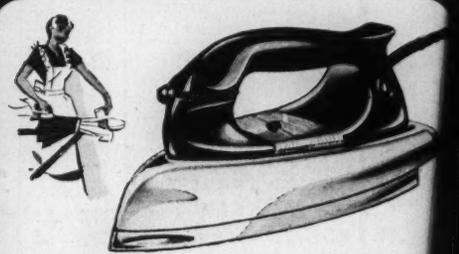
New G-E Automatic Toaster "pops up" toast to your taste—every time. Ideal gift for any bride. $29.50.



Fast-boiling Electric Kettle is a gift to delight any bride. Boils enough water for 4 cups of tea in 2½ minutes. $14.95.



G-E Electric Clocks are superbly styled for every room, every purpose, every taste . . . priced from $4.95 up.



Work-saving Automatic Featherweight Iron will prove a constant reminder of your best wishes. $14.95.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED